

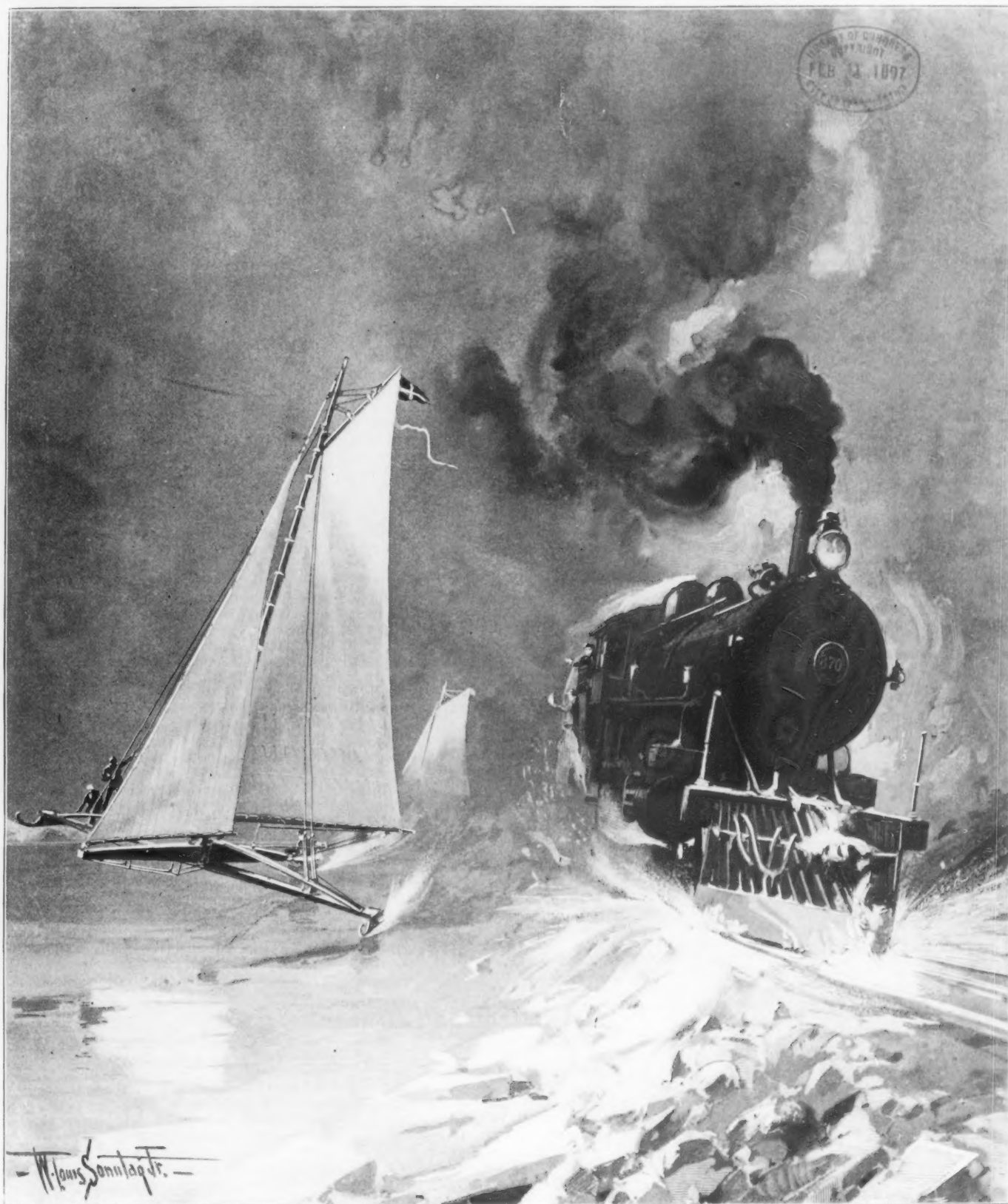
COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1897.

THE NEW AND MOMENTOUS IRISH QUESTION.

IN one of the latest numbers of the London *Punch* there is a cartoon which recognizes the approach of a startling change in the British political situation. The cartoon represents the hold of a mediæval castle; in the foreground stands the baron (Lord Salisbury), to whom comes the captain of the watch (Mr. A. J. Balfour), and, in visible trepidation, says: "My liege! The Irish hosts, at length united, are at the gates! Our loyal garrison espouse their cause!" The baron (Lord S.) replies: "Then, by my halidom, our goose is cooked!" To any student of British politics it would have seemed a year ago that a miracle would be needed to oust Lord Salisbury from office, seeing that the general election of 1895 had given him a majority of one hundred and fifty in the House of Commons, while the vote on the second Home Rule bill had shown that he could rely on the support of nine-tenths of the hereditary legislators. That a question could ever arise which should bring about a union of all three factions of the Irish Nationalists with the Irish Loyalists and with every British Peer or commoner who happens to own land in Ireland, would also have been deemed no less incredible than that "Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane." Nevertheless, the miraculous has happened. An issue has been put forward, during the recess of Parliament, which has had precisely the same unifying effect upon all classes of the Irish people which was exercised by the Stamp Act upon the thirteen American colonies; an issue which has caused the Irish denouncers of Home Rule and some of their British coadjutors to make common cause with the Home Rulers whom they till yesterday bitterly opposed. We refer to the movement for the relief of Ireland from unjust taxation, a movement started by the recent report of the Royal Commission appointed some years ago to investigate the charge that Ireland was overtaxed. The movement is already thoroughly organized and fairly under way, and the first guns of the impending battle were fired on the reassembling of Parliament when, after the Queen's speech was read, notices were given by Lord Castletown in the House of Lords, and by Mr. Edward Blake in the House of Commons, of a motion to discuss the financial relations of Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. A. J. Balfour, the government leader, said that an opportunity would be offered for such a discussion after the debate on the address had closed. We

shall soon know, therefore, to what extent Lord Salisbury and his colleagues will venture to resist the appeal of united Ireland, which will take the twofold form of a request for the restitution of the vast sums improperly exacted in the past, and of a demand for the immediate reduction, by some thirteen million dollars, of the amount annually drawn from Ireland for the imperial exchequer.

Let us look somewhat closely at the origin and the consequences, proximate and ultimate, of a political uprising, which for universality and earnestness can only be compared, as we have compared it, to that which swept over the American colonies when George Grenville undertook to impose on them a stamp tax. It was while Lord Rosebery was Prime Minister that Mr. Thomas E. Sexton, one of the most conspicuous members of the Anti-Parnellite party, rose in his place in the House of Commons, and, speaking to a motion of which he had given notice, asserted that the most grievous wrong suffered by Ireland since her union with Great Britain had never yet received adequate attention; for his personal examination of the Treasury accounts had disclosed, he said, the astounding fact that Ireland was then, and had for years been paying a contribution to the public chest of the United Kingdom vastly in excess of her due proportion. The aggregate of the wrongful exactions would, he said, if invested in consols, constitute a fund, the interest of which would go far to meet the entire expense of an Irish administration conducted upon thrifty principles. The announcement was received by Conservatives with derision, and with bewilderment by British Liberals; but it was denied by no one that such an accusation deserved to be made the subject of careful inquiry, and, accordingly, the Rosebery government appointed a Royal Commission for the purpose. Of the fifteen members constituting this Commission, the Irish Nationalists supplied only two; namely, Mr. Sexton himself, and Mr. John E. Redmond; the rest were drawn from the British Liberals or from Conservatives; they included such men as the late Mr. Childers, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer in one of the Gladstone administrations; as Lord Welby, an old Treasury official; as Lord Farrer, another ex-official; and as Sir David Barbour, one of the highest British authorities on finance. The Commission devoted a long time to its researches, and listened to a great deal of expert testimony, including that furnished by the presiding officer of the Bank of England, and by Sir Robert Giffen, the eminent statistician. They eventually arrived at almost unanimous conclusions, and these were submitted during the recent recess of Parliament in a report which only two of the members declined to sign. The gist of the report, condensed in a couple of sentences, is this: The taxable capacity of Ireland is at the utmost only a twentieth of that of the whole United Kingdom. At the present time, however, and for many years past—for about half a century, in fact—the contribution drawn from Ireland for imperial purposes has been one-eleventh of the amount paid by the entire United Kingdom. The difference between what Ireland paid in the year 1893-94, for instance, and what, according to the Royal Commission, she ought to have paid, is in round numbers not less than thirteen million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This difference would vary somewhat, no doubt, in different years; but it is computed that during the last half-century the aggregate amount of money wrung from Ireland in the shape of taxes exceeding her fair quota is considerably above five hundred million dollars. Such are the stupendous dimensions of the fiscal injury inflicted upon Ireland under the alleged beneficent and just workings of the Act of Union. No sooner were the findings of the Commission known than every Irish landlord comprehended that his interests were indivisible from those of his tenantry, so far as the redressing of this outrage was concerned. Instead of regarding the Nationalists any longer as his enemies, he began to see in them invaluable allies. Mass meetings, in which landlords and tenants were associated for the first time in many years, were held all over Ireland; that at Limerick was presided over by Lord Dunraven; that at Cork by Lord Castletown; that at Kildare by Lord Mayo. A provisional poll of the strength of the Irish landlord interest in the House of Commons seems to promise a power of in-

fluencing from eighty to ninety Unionist members on the taxation issue; should this calculation prove well founded, Lord Salisbury's present majority in that chamber, huge as it is, would be demolished. As to the House of Lords, the amendments to the last Irish bill, which were carried in that chamber against the wishes of Lord Salisbury, indicate that the Irish landlords have even more friends, than has the government, among the hereditary legislators. It is, of course, quite possible that the Irish Loyalists and the Irish Nationalists may remain united only as regards a part of the double programme thus far outlined. It is understood that Lord Castletown will ask simply that the financial relations of Great Britain and Ireland shall be so readjusted that hereafter Ireland shall annually pay no more than one-twentieth of the sum contributed to the imperial exchequer. On the other hand, Mr. Edward Blake, as it is generally believed, will demand in the House of Commons, not only reform as to the future, but the restitution of every penny wrongfully extracted in the past.

Now, it is not to be expected that such demands can be pressed without provoking vehement opposition. There are grounds on which even some British Liberals, however friendly they may be to Ireland, may feel constrained to meet the summons to pay an enormous debt, contracted through mistake, with a *non possumus*, a confession of absolute inability. They may say that admitting that, on abstract principles of equity and honor, the sum of over five hundred million dollars is due to Ireland, yet to procure it by means of a loan would seriously derange the finances of the United Kingdom, and that even the reduction of Ireland's contribution in the future would cripple the Treasury at the very time when additional expenditures upon the navy are regarded as indispensable for the national defense. The last-named objection, of course, would not stand a moment against the rejoinder that, whatever may be the United Kingdom's need of a navy, not a penny more than her share of the cost ought to be saddled upon Ireland. The Conservatives, or those of them, at least, who are uninfluenced by Irish landowners, will probably take a very different position. They will allege that, while it may be true that one-twentieth of the whole revenue would be Ireland's fair basis of contribution, and true also that she has been paying much more than this, yet, if her contribution is to be calculated on the basis of taxable capacity, the imperial expenditure in Ireland must also be taken into account. They will doubtless proceed to point out that, if this expenditure were to be adjusted to the same basis, it was nearly nineteen million dollars in excess of what it ought to have been in 1893-94. Therefore, says substantially the London *Times*, which has begun already to advocate this view—We are quits: Ireland pays too much into the Treasury. The Treasury pays out too much to Ireland: The one balances the other.

It will be observed that this argument proves altogether too much for those who have insisted that Ireland is treated with ideal justice under the Act of Union. The argument amounts to this: You must not complain against unjust taxation, provided the paternal government, which has robbed you, sees fit to make an exemplary use of its plunder. It was by a somewhat similar argument that George Grenville in 1765 justified the stamp tax imposed upon the American colonies. We have waged war after war, he said, on behalf largely of the colonies. We have expelled the French from Canada, and have thereby delivered the colonies from a formidable neighbor. This has been accomplished at a tremendous cost, and it is but reasonable that the beneficiaries should bear a portion of the burden. The colonies, while acknowledging the magnitude of the benefits received, refused, as we know, to bear one jot or tittle of the burden, on the ground that they were not represented in the Parliament which apportioned the incidence thereof. We may be certain that they would have shown themselves no less recalcitrant, had they been represented in Parliament, and had their representatives, constituting, like those of Ireland, less than a sixth of the whole number of members, proved impotent to prevent the imposition of a tax on their constituents, notoriously in excess of their taxable capacity. The fact that Ireland has received of late years more than her share of imperial expenditure will never be accepted by Ireland as compensation for the

fact that far more than her share of imperial taxation has been assessed upon her. Why? Because she has no more been able to dictate the application of expenditure than she has been able to dictate the distribution of taxation. The excessive expenditure has been applied, for the most part, in ways unacceptable to the great majority of the Irish people. It is not the wish of the Irish majority that a standing army of twenty thousand men should be maintained in their country, or that the imperial government should support there a police force of semi-military character which costs something like seven and a half million dollars per annum. It is not their wish to see a vice-regal court in Dublin, which, having no counterpart in Scotland or in any English county, offers of itself conclusive proof that Ireland is treated as a separate country. A great deal of money is wasted also on the distinct Irish judiciary, which, however excellent in quality, is in quantity confessedly excessive. Then there is in Ireland a multiplicity of boards, boards for almost every conceivable purpose, boards which cost a great deal of money, but which the people would abolish if they could. In fine, although the taxes drawn from Ireland are paid by the people at large, the greater part of the sums expended there accrue by no means to their benefit, but to that of a small class. What the great majority of Irishmen would like to see England do is to remove the soldiers, disband the police, and pension many of the judges. In their eyes it only adds insult to injury to be told that, in return for such unwelcome applications of imperial expenditure, they must continue to submit to unjust imperial taxation. But, even if the modes of spending imperial money in Ireland were all edifying and agreeable in the highest degree, this obviously would not justify the imposition of a fiscal burden out of all proportion to the country's taxable capacity. This is the view taken of the subject by the Irish landlords, who include, it must be remembered, a multitude of residents in England who, perhaps, have never visited their Irish estates. They are clear-headed enough to see that, if their Irish properties have for many years declined in value, this is but a general outcome of the lack of prosperity in Ireland, one of the main causes whereof is now shown to be over-taxation. They know by observation and experience that Ireland is much too poor a country to bear the annual withdrawal of a sum exceeding her just quota by upward of thirteen million dollars. Consequently they, the Irish Loyalists, will band together, and they will even combine with the Irish Nationalists, to redress a gross fiscal inequality, knowing that there will be time enough hereafter to discuss the question of unequal expenditure.

The sudden intrusion of a new and portentous Irish issue has upset one of the cherished plans of the Salisbury Government. It was hoped that the present year would witness the passage of a Seats bill for Ireland, whereby the representation of that country in the House of Commons should be made proportionate to its population. Such a measure, it has been computed, would cut down the number of Irish members from one hundred and three to about eighty, and it was intended that the loss should fall on the three provinces of Leinster, Munster and Connaught, which are the Nationalist strongholds. The glaring injustice of the change proposed will be patent when we point out that, if the principle of representation proportioned to population is to be enforced to-day, it should have been enforced when the Act of Union went into operation, and for half a century thereafter. During the whole of that period the population of Ireland was more than half as large as that of England and Wales; it follows that during the whole of that time Ireland's representatives in Parliament should have been more than half as numerous as were those of England, whereas they were less than a fourth as numerous. Now, when, owing to England's misgovernment, the population of Ireland has shrunk to less than half of what it was in the year of the great famine (1846), while England's population has signally increased, the discovery is made that the apportionment of representation to population is the only equitable principle.

Inconsistent and iniquitous as the application of this principle to Ireland would be in view of the facts above set forth, there is no doubt that the Salisbury Government would have relentlessly carried out its purpose but for the emer-

gence of the new Irish fiscal issue. As it is, the Irish landowners and their many friends in both Houses of Parliament will not suffer Ireland's representation to be cut down one iota, so long as the fiscal oppression, of which that country has been the victim, remains unredressed.

THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

LAST year's exports from the United States exceeded those of either 1894 or 1895 by one hundred and seventy-five million dollars, and also exceeded, by many millions, the exports of 1891, which was the "record" year. Last year's excess of value of exports over imports was about three hundred and twenty-five million dollars. In the face of these extraordinary figures some people are asking why "good times" have not returned and overwhelmed us with everything we want. Suppose, however, that the excess could be put into cash and divided pro rata among the people; it would not amount to five dollars per individual. Excess or surplus is a good thing for nations or individuals, but its importance consists largely in what it is being added to. What is preventing a general sensation of good times is that we lost so much or denied ourselves so much, or earned so little and saved so little, in the last three years.

To abuse Congress is one of the most precious privileges and most frequent indulgences of the American people, so it was very provoking for Postmaster-General Wilson, in his address to the New York State Bar Association, to say that our representatives spring directly from the people and are "just what popular suffrage under existing conditions and existing party machinery produces for us. If there is blame or weakness anywhere it is with those who elect rather than with those who are elected." The most enraging thing about this statement is its absolute truth, and that we know and always have known it to be true. We have also thought it a shame that it was true, and we have determined that there shall be a change, and the determination lasted valiantly until nearly election time, when the politicians told us what to do, and we did it as obediently as if the politicians were the keepers of our minds and consciences.

Thanks to the national excitement over Cuban affairs, and a general glance forward at what might happen should we come to blows with Spain, the bill to reorganize the army has got out of the Military Committee room and into the House of Representatives. It is of modest dimensions; it proposes an addition of only four thousand three hundred men, principally to the artillery service, and the additional cost will be less than two million dollars a year. Previous bills to increase the size of the army have been opposed principally by the South, which has feared national interference in State elections; but the last "Force Bill" was killed and buried, and now the South is highly excited over its own unprotected ports, so the bill is likely to pass, and we then will average one soldier to every hundred square miles of territory—by far the smallest army, in proportion to territory and population, in the civilized world. Sea-coast guns and carriages have already been provided for, the Fortifications Bill is providing for emplacements, so we may hope soon to be able to lock our national gates against unwelcome visitors.

There are symptoms of a new gold mining boom down in Georgia—a State which for half a century or more has produced some gold every year. Gold is about as uncertain as human nature in its ways and times of manifesting its presence and in the company it keeps, so some of the new "finds" in Georgia are reported from unexpected places. It is to be hoped that all are as rich as reported, that they will make their owners rich, and that outsiders will not make themselves poor by buying stock in mines about which they know nothing but what they are told by men whom they don't know from Adam.

It now seems probable that the United States is to be protected against a variety of immigrant of which it already contains far too many, for the House and Senate have agreed, through a conference committee, to exclude all foreigners between the ages of sixteen and fifty who are not able to read and write English or at least their own language. Undoubtedly there are some very honest and industrious people who do not know one language from another when they see them in print, but the ignorant, as a class, are dangerous to the peace and welfare of any community. They need not be of foreign birth to be troublesome; our home supply, whether white or black, is the cause of endless anxiety to legislators, churches, property owners and the police; it does not always reform when it has learned to read and write, so we ought to protect ourselves against invasion by any more of the same sort.

"Hold-ups" are not confined to stage-robbers and other highwaymen; once in a while a large body of reputable citizens join in a movement which looks very like an attempt at robbery. Such an effort has just been suppressed by the Railroad Commission of Illinois. There had been a determined effort to force railway fares down from three cents a mile to two cents, and to make the change general throughout the State, without regard to the financial condition or the quantity of passenger business of the various companies. In Illinois, as in all other States west of the Alleghenies, much of the railway passenger service is done at a loss instead of a profit, but the petitioners for lower fares seem to have considered only the business done by two or three of the larger companies. It is this sort of thing—the ignorant meddling with enterprises which at best do not more than make ends meet, that makes capitalists reluctant to put money into new schemes for the development of the country's resources and the convenience and comfort of the community.

Despite all that has been said, printed and pictured of the "sweat-shop" system of manufacturing clothing, the business seems to go on in the old way. The State Factory Inspector of New York has just explained, in his annual report, that there is no way under the law to regulate or change the habits of families that use their living rooms as workshops. The greater number of these families do not seem to know what cleanliness is;

they are huddled in tenement houses like animals in a pen. About half of the ready-made clothing sold in the United States is made in New York, most of it by these victims of the "sweating" process, and the inspector reminds the purchasing public that the means of spreading contagious diseases are therefore ample and unequalled. Lawmakers and philanthropists have suggested many remedies which proved ineffective, for business competition and the struggle for bread have worked hand in hand against them; but the evil can be suppressed, the inspector believes, by imposing a heavy special tax upon home clothing factories—a tax severe enough to drive the workers out of the tenements and into shops, where the authorities can exercise some supervision and at least separate the clothing from the filth.

The Deep Waterways Commission, created by Congress about two years ago, has been so quiet that few people knew of its existence, yet it has been charged with the consideration of a project as important as was that of the first railway to the Pacific. Ship canals from the great lakes to the ocean have been talked of for a century, but private capital has stood aghast at the probable cost, and there has been the odor of a gigantic job about some presentations of the subject to Congress. The commission, which has just made its first report, declares such canals feasible, that the navigable depth should not be less than twenty feet, and that the first step should be to dig a canal around Niagara Falls so that ships may pass from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, from which there is choice of two routes to the Hudson and the sea. Such a canal system would reduce by one-half the present transportation charges on much of the Western grain crop; to grant this boon to the farmers would be merely fair, while Congress is apparently in the humor to do all in its power for every other trade.

The State of Alabama has suddenly presented the startling and edifying spectacle of a great community fighting a popular vice by prayer and other religious means. The vice is pool-selling on horse-races. To bet at a horse-race is a custom to which Southerners have always taken kindly; but the good people of Alabama make a sharp distinction between betting on a horse that is seen and known, and buying chances on a race being run hundreds of miles away by animals in whom the buyers have no honest reason to be interested. The Alabama religious protest is general: Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, are preaching and praying against the pool-rooms, and to make assurance doubly sure they collect money at the meetings to support lobbyists to fight for the anti-poolroom bill now before the Legislature. Thoughtless people may sneer at church-fights against public vices, but wiser men, even if atheists or skeptics, know that the religious spirit has no equal in a contest which requires much faith, hope and brotherly love to keep men at work long enough to assure success.

As the plague which is devastating a portion of India is a disease which has occasionally made its way into the temperate zone, Europe is becoming frightened about it, and the scare will in time reach America. Such scares, however, are not unmixed evils, for almost any portion of the civilized world would be the better for being compelled occasionally to look closely to its sanitary condition. The plague, like cholera, is what physicians call a "filth disease"; so wherever it gets a footing it will spread rapidly if streets and surroundings are full of waste matter, the drainage system imperfect, or the water supply impure; indeed, these conditions will already have predisposed people to take the infection and die of it. Cities are supposed to be the favorite fields of the great contagions and infections, but the proportionate loss of life is often quite as great in small villages, and some isolated farms have lost all their occupants by plague, cholera or yellow fever, for the simple reason that the ground about the residence is saturated with waste and the sinks are close enough to the well to pollute the water supply. Forewarned is forearmed.

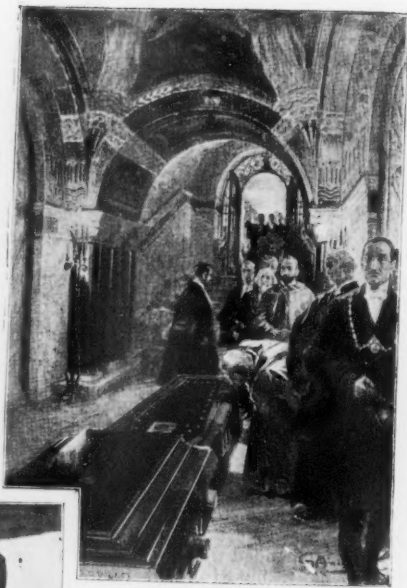
Besides warning Europe to clean house and dispose of its garbage, the plague has also started a new war upon vermin of all kinds. European physicians in India are calling attention to the appalling facility with which all sorts of insects and small animals may spread disease. Flies, some other insects, all mice and rats are scavengers by nature, all of them are affected by human contagions, and they carry these to houses which but for their night escape. The list of such nuisances, in America and Europe as well as in India, might be extended to include cats and dogs, of which ninety-nine in every hundred are utterly worthless and are menaces to human health and comfort. Extermination of vermin and other animal nuisances cannot begin too soon or be kept up too persistently; there are many diseases already common among us that are transmitted by animal pets or pests, while all other means of transmission are being suppressed or destroyed. Hundreds of physicians insist that there would be less diphtheria and consumption could the house-cat become extinct.

One of the penalties of greatness is that after a great man is dead and unable to defend himself, some of his admirers may persist in erecting a memorial statue and affixing his name to it. As the statue is probably modeled by an artist who never saw the original, the resemblance is likely to be uncertain; there are many other reasons why memorial statues may be very bad, and why most of them are. There is therefore good reason for the opposition being made by the children of the late Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to the placing of a bronze statue over their mother's grave. They justly insist that they alone have the right to determine what memorial shall be over Mrs. Stowe's remains, and that public esteem might be expressed by means far more useful to man and honoring to God than by some brazen monstrosity scowling the unfortunate beholder out of countenance from its ugly granite pedestal. This is not complimentary to monumental art, but the sculptors and designers have brought it upon themselves.

THE intelligent compositor said that the old miser had "gone to that turn from which no traveler returns," and the proofreader actually wept as he marked the proof.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.



THE SLIDING BOG IN KERRY, IRELAND, WHERE A HOUSE AND FAMILY WERE SWALLOWED UP



M. PASTEUR'S LAST RESTING PLACE



WINTER IN THE ENGADINE. A TAILING PARTY AT DAVOS PLATZ



BOMBAY POLICE



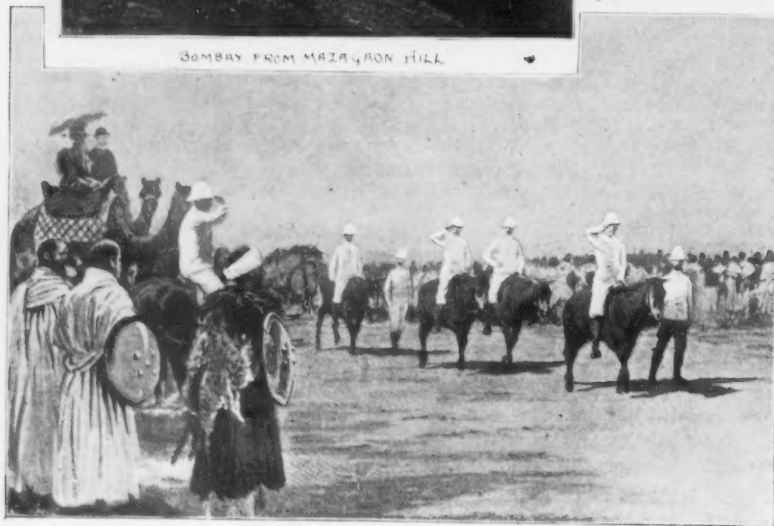
BOMBAY FROM MAZARON HILL



ELPHINSTONE CIRCLE, BOMBAY



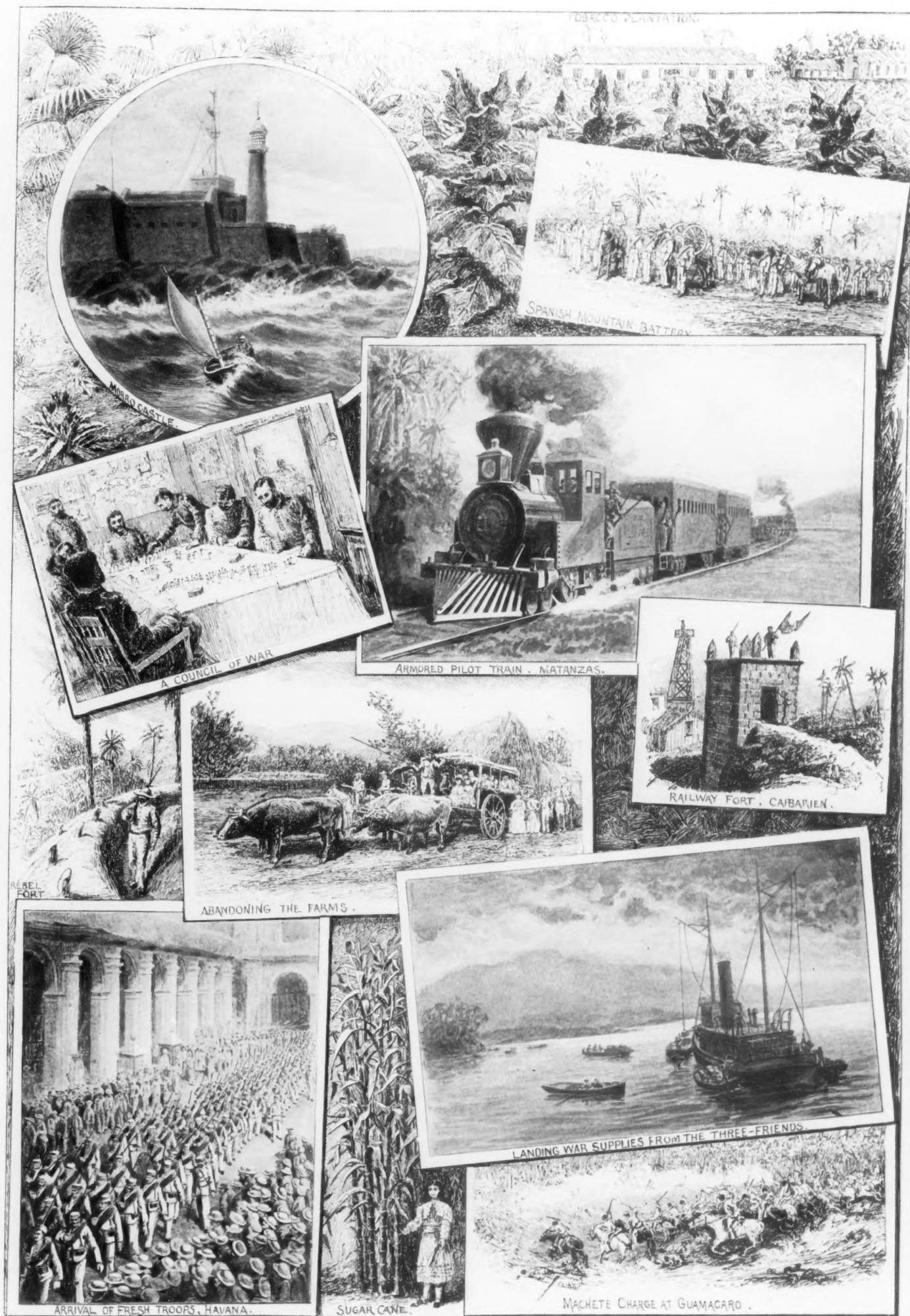
NATIVE SERVANTS, BOMBAY



THE RELEASE OF ITALIAN PRISONERS BY MENELIK



PART OF BOMBAY



SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN CUBA.



BY EDGAR SALTUS.

IN the spring of 1893 an appropriation was made here by the authorities for the reception of the cholera. Presumably another appropriation will be made this year for the reception of the plague. The cholera did not come, and, save in sporadic instances, it is doubtful if the plague will either. If it should, an appropriation, while serviceable, will not be preventative. A better way, one which all thinkers advocate, would be to treat it as a myth, to assimilate it with phantoms, to deny its existence, and to merely keep a knot in your handkerchief as a reminder that it is about. For fright has ever been more deadly than microbes. During the reign of the Black Death there were more people who died of fear than of fever. During the cholera epidemic a few years ago the same thing occurred in Italy and the south of France. The same thing is occurring in India now. When plague is spelled panic it will look less like *Pollida Mors* than it does.

The crusade against the high hat championed by Lord Ronald Gower and vehemently opposed by the Viscount de la Rochefoucauld, the details of which were given here a few months since, has resulted in Lord Ronald's entire defeat and the complete vindication of the stovepipe. After all, why not? The high hat is not a thing of beauty, in the country it is downright hideous, but it is a century since it acquired the freedom of the city, and in the hunting-field it is more serviceable than a helmet. Lord Ronald's opposition was instigated, I think, less by artistic than by literary reasons. Lord Ronald is a man of letters, and the hat belongs to literature, put there, as you may remember, by no less a person than Aristotle himself. To talk hat was to talk shop. But there is more in the hat than that. It is the index of a great many things. A short time ago Luigi Giordano, an Italian erudite, produced a monograph concerning the relation of the hat to sentiment. According to this gentleman the revelations of palmistry and graphology are vague and uncertain beside those which the hat provides. For it is the hat and the hat alone that is capable of disclosing the true character of the wearer. It is his confidant and his accomplice, sometimes his victim. Vexed, it is mussed; angry, it is flat. Worn majestically upright, there is a fool beneath; over the eyes, a hypocrite. But these observations are superficial. There are others more profound. Does a hat lean to the right, the wearer is ardent, exuberant, inconsiderate—a man of lively and fugacious sensations; inconstant in love he will kiss and tell; he is a poor friend, too, and gratitude is banished from his heart. Beware.

But the hat that leans to the left covers a man whose sentiments, controlled by his judgment, are durable, refined, profound, ready to bloom, too, into a thousand delicate shades of ideal sentimentality. He is discreet and modest. On his courtesy you may count, on his loyalty you may rely. He has a defect, however; he has prejudices which he cannot surmount. He is a slave to his likes and dislikes. Between these extremes the hat worn neither on one side nor on the other, neither too far back nor too far front, indicates a man after your own heart, a man simple, courageous, sincere, a man who will descend to the grave bearing his triple blazon of gentleman, lover and friend unsullied and intact.

Giordano recommends that if you don't wear your hat that way you should try to, and I may add that if you want to be in the fashion you will wear it with the crown rather low and the brim rather brief.

The town of Marion, Ind., recently enjoyed the delightful spectacle of a real mirage. According to the published reports, first the outlines of a village appeared in the sky, then came a mountain scene, followed by a picture of pastoral life and succeeded by the spectacle of a lake in which there were islands covered with tropical verdure and boats sailing here and there.

In these latitudes the mirage is rare. It is in the Arctic regions and in the African deserts, in the extremes of cold and heat, that it is most frequently seen. The cause is a diminution, near the surface of the earth, of the density of the air; the denser stratum rising above, instead of, as is ordinarily the case, remaining below the more rarefied, with the result that rays from a distant object situated in the denser medium and which advance parallel with the earth's surface, meet the rarer medium at an obtuse angle. There, instead of passing through, they are reflected back—the common surface of the two media acting as a mirror.

Maxime du Camp, who accompanied Flaubert into the Sahara, says that a few minutes after leaving an oasis he turned to look at it, but in the interim it had become enveloped in magnificent sheets of transparent waters in which dwellings, palm trees and tombs were reflected marvelously. The phenomenon was produced with such exactness, and the sheets of water were so beautiful and clear, that he declares had he not but a few minutes before crossed the spot which it occupied on the burning sand he would have thought it real.

In the Arctic regions the mirage has frequently informed whaling vessels of the locality of a sister ship. When the latter happened to be above the horizon only one image, and that inverted, would be seen; but when it was below the horizon double images, one erect and the other inverted, would be visible. The faithfulness and serviceability of these images may be imagined from the fact that Captain Scoresby, while cruising off the coast of Greenland years ago, discovered his father's ship, for which he was looking, from a mirage in the sky.

A London tourist agency advertises that it will personally conduct shunning parties through Whitechapel. As this is the time when many among us begin to make plans for a trip abroad I will venture to suggest to those whom the advertisement may allure that the glory of

Whitechapel has departed. The dark courts and hideous alleys in which Jack the Ripper prowled are now as well lighted as Broadway. The entire neighborhood has been refurbished by the police, and, while not beautiful, it has become as respectable as is Brooklyn on a Sunday.

Shortly after the incidents which made it famous and grewsome, Mr. Sarcey, the French critic, a gentleman tenaciously, voluminously and abundantly dull, was sent to London by the "Temps" on a journalistic mission. Like all the world, he had heard of Whitechapel and ardent was his desire to visit it. This desire he imparted at once to some of the London newspaper men with whom he fell in, and, that night, under the protection of two detectives and accompanied by his newspaper friends, Mr. Sarcey, disguised as a costermonger, set out to do the slums. The account of his adventures appeared in the next issue of the "Temps." On the way to Whitechapel he admitted, as a brave man may, that he thought of home, of his wife and children, that in spite of himself he trembled and that secretly he wished himself safe in bed. But what was this? Why here was an avenue almost as brilliant as the Rue Royale! And here was a theater as spacious as any he had seen in France! And these finely dressed people, too—surely this could not be Whitechapel! But it was. The detectives and newspaper men not only assured him of the fact, but warned him to be on his guard. And again the shiver returned, for presently he was standing on the very spot where Jack's last victim was destroyed.

And yet how peaceful it all seemed, how quiet and sedate! He understood, of course, and at once. Whatever horrors Whitechapel might conceal, its visible monstrosities were but travelers' tales. And Mr. Sarcey wound up his article by asserting, and very sagely too, that there is nothing like a trip abroad to take the cobwebs from one's eyes. But there were readers of the "Temps" who had done Whitechapel also. Mr. Sarcey's descriptions surprised them. Inquiries were made, and, to the delight of newspaperdom, it was discovered that Mr. Sarcey, in the disguise of a costermonger, had been promenaded through Regent Street, Oxford Street and Cavendish Square.

Nowadays those who for pleasure or profit may visit London will find the latter localities more interesting than the slums have become, and presumably more neighborly, too.

Professor Felix Adler, in a recent lecture, discussed the Eternal Feminine, and remarked incidentally that a woman's true place is at home. Twenty years ago such a remark would have been a platitude. To-day it has a curious significance. A number of our best young women are interested in municipal government. A number of others are interested in scientific research. The interest of the majority, however, centers in social affairs. For young girls social affairs are necessities. If they don't go out never will they find the husbands that they want. But when those husbands have been found, the intricacies of municipal government, the seductions of science, the charms of kettledrums and routs should cease to allure. Home consists not in so many walls with so much furniture within them. These are accessories. Home consists in the presence of the wife. Her absence converts the husband into a nomad. It disintegrates, corrupts, corrodes and destroys. It may be good for trade, for politics and even for science, but it is fatal to family life.

To my thinking Professor Adler's views are therefore quite correct; but that which strikes me as curious and significant is the fact that not over twenty years ago I heard him express the same views in regard to men. It was they who used to desert the home. Of what wives did there was then no question. From which it will be seen how times change, customs, too, and for that matter women also. But I am forgetting. They always did.

Science having discovered the microbe of insanity, the prisons are cultivating it. At Sing Sing men are going mad because the authorities give them nothing to do. There is no surer road to lunacy than idleness in seclusion. The mind must act or addle. Blanqui, who passed the better part of his long life in prison, understood that fact so well that he wrote merely to preserve his reason. With a geography he achieved the impossible. Though in a cell he promenade the globe. With an astronomy he did more, he multiplied that cell beyond the calculable. According to the seasons and the hours he watched the stars. Venus flung to him rays of her eternal youth. The Great Bear stretched to him her glittering paws. He saw the Chariot rolling in its highways. He sought that which was sought by Thales, by Pythagoras, by Copernicus, by Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Euler and Laplace—the truth.

Without instruments, without charts, without books, he elaborated a hypothesis which has the dual charm of being poetic and exact. In it he describes the universe as infinite. And that for the reason that it can't be otherwise. Limits are inconceivable. Even emptiness has dimensions, and in this instance it is space adding itself to space indefinitely. But that which proved to him the infinity of the universe was the reflection that if an infinite universe is incomprehensible a finite universe is absurd. He experienced, as do all who reflect on the subject, that disquieting sensation of being able to formulate a problem and unable to solve it. But he consoled himself with the idea that in other worlds than ours there are intellects more vigorous than our own for whom the solution exists. Then he chased the comets, followed those mysteries of flame and of light which, footballled from one planet to another, threatened by Saturn, menaced by Jupiter, dodge in rags through space until, tripped by the centrifugal force, they are caught and flung away.

And so the days fell by. The prison doors opened at last, but only because he had been elected deputy to the National Assembly of France. He emerged, old and feeble, but with reason intact, and his astronomy in his hand. It is a pity the prospective lunatics in Sing Sing can't imitate him. But then are there any Blanquis there?

THE lady manager of a California insurance company is credited with the largest salary paid to any woman—ten thousand dollars a year.

THE SURPRISES OF SCIENCE.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE question whether the magazine shall become a newspaper and the newspaper a magazine is one which is keeping many an editor awake. But there is another, still more perplexing, which remains to be solved; it is, Shall both newspaper and magazine pass, vanquished by the telephone? To-day in Budapest thousands of people take their breakfast, not with the local sheets before them, but with the telephone at their side. At seven in the morning a still small voice begins and tells what the world has done during the previous night. Then comes news from the Exchanges, Parliamentary debates, the last gossip, the latest murder, winding up with some lively talk on matters theatrical and operatic, and all for nine dollars a year.

Such is the *vox telephonica*, which may become a grand stop in the organ of the press, unless, indeed, it stops that organ altogether.

That a man who has been thrown from a horse and broken a leg, or who has been pitched from a bike and smashed an ankle, no longer has to pass weeks in bed, and days on crutches, but may be up and doing in twenty-four hours, is the latest surprise of science. The process by which this result is obtained is as simple as it is novel. In a case of fracture, compound or otherwise, of the ankle, the broken bones are set as usual, and securely bound with an ordinary muslin roller bandage. Outside of this roller there is then wound a plaster of Paris gauze bandage that speedily hardens and leaves the limb incased in a cast, which, in accordance with the circumstances of the case, may extend from the toe tip to the knee joint, and which keeps the broken parts immovable. Presently the patient is invited to get up and take a walk. To his astonishment he finds that he can do so, for the upper part of the cast, in sustaining the weight of the body, acts as a crutch. The healing of the fracture proceeds while the patient is walking, and that for the reason that the break is in no way disturbed. Recovery, in fact, is hastened, and the resulting anchylosis of the old method reduced. Five or six weeks later the cast is removed, and the limb is treated to douches and massage.

The foregoing system is now practiced in several hospitals in this city. In Europe a different process has been adopted. The limb is not incased. It is put in what is technically known as a cradle, and massage is given within twenty-four hours after the operation. For ten days the patient remains on his back. He rises weak and not altogether limber, but, massage and a few mud baths aiding, within thirty days after the fracture he may, if it pleases him, bike.

According to Mr. Peary, who recently lectured before the American Geographical Society, the conquest of the North Pole is now but a question of time and of money. The plan which he outlined consists in raising a fund sufficient to insure the continuation of the work of exploration for ten years, if necessary, at the rate of fifteen thousand dollars a year; purchase a ship, give her a minimum crew, load with concentrated provisions, proceed to Whale Sound and on to Sherard Osborn Fjord. Thence, as soon as the freezing of the ice on the north-west coast would permit sledge travel, the work of advancing supplies, northeastward along the coast, would be commenced, taking comparatively short stages and light loads, so that the trips could be quickly made. When the supplies had been advanced the first stage, the party itself would move forward, leaving a cache behind, whereupon the second stage of advance would be begun and carried on until the sun had departed. Under the brilliant moon of the polar night work could be continued, and early spring would find the party located at the northern terminus of the North Greenland Archipelago, with caches at each prominent headland behind. From this point, when the proper time came, with picked dogs and the lightest possible equipment, the dash for the Pole could be attempted. Should the first effort be unsuccessful, each succeeding summer the ship would try to establish communication with the party's base, succeeding probably every other year, until, with increasing experience, the object of the expedition was attained.

In view of the fact that the polar regions are presumably well supplied with whales, guano, silver and gold, an expedition such as this would be of something more than geographical interest. In addition, the value of resulting paleontologic and geologic discoveries, together with the new experiences in magnetism, electricity and the aurora borealis which would accrue, cannot be overestimated. Not geographically alone, then, but from a commercial, as well as from a scientific standpoint, the proposed expedition is deserving of every success, for apart from these considerations it is authoritatively surmised that in that Ultima Thule there is a vast sanatorium awaiting patients whom we are impotent to aid.

The great scheme of a Channel tunnel between England and France, which has been indorsed successively by Cobden, Bright, Gladstone and Leon Say, and condemned by all naval and military experts, has been finally abandoned. At a meeting of the company a fortnight ago it was decided to utilize the borings as a shaft and proceed to develop the coal seams which had been found. Sic transit.

There is hope for the hunchback. Dr. Chalot of Paris undertakes to straighten him. He recently reported to the French Academy of Medicine thirty-seven successful operations. In each instance he first removed the out-growths on the spinal column; then, making his assistants pull at either end while he pressed on the hump, he got the spine into a straight line and inclosed the patient into a plaster jacket that reached from neck to hips. After six months the stomach, lungs and other organs were found to act normally and the bones to have remained in place. These experiments were made with subjects comparatively young, their ages ranging from two to twenty years.

"C₂₀H₂₄(NO₃)₁₀O₂₄." Thus, hieroglyphically to the uninitiated majority, is expressed a matter which may

concern that majority a good deal more closely than, at this present writing, it concerns the initiated few. For this formula is the chemical expression for the new Russian smokeless powder. In the autumn of last year, experimental rounds fired from a 6-inch gun at the Okhtu artillery range with this powder gave striking velocities well over 2,800 feet-seconds. The other day the same compound drove a hardened steel projectile from an 8-inch gun, 45 calibers in length, completely through a Harvey steel Krupp armor-plate, the velocity on impact being 2,850 feet-seconds. Our latest pattern wire guns, of 12-inch and 9.2-inch caliber, have muzzle-velocities respectively of 2,367 and 2,347 feet-seconds. But we have nothing that can do anything like the latest Russian record. That record has been attained by the new Russian smokeless powder. That powder is the invention of Professor Mendelyeff—to name whom is to name a chemist of the very highest order. And the professor arrived at his powder, after a long series of laboratory experiments, by rejecting the nitro-glycerine variety, because it played the mischief with his gun, and deciding upon a gun-cotton and collodion mixture, which not only suits the constitution of the present weapon, but disposes of the question of getting an initial velocity of 3,000 feet-seconds out of the weapon of the future.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

OTERO, the lady who is now appearing before a succession of crowded houses at Koster & Bial's, is one of those persons whose *raison d'être* on the stage has been, and always will be to me, an enigma. She has a great many diamonds and a bad reputation.

Any other attractions she may possess I defy a microscopist to discover. She pretends to dance, she pretends to sing, and she takes it out in pretending. But because of her repute, and incidentally because of her diamonds, she draws. That is the way Tenderloin audiences encourage art.

Otero is to be succeeded, I hear, by Liane de Pougy, and, judging by the former's success, this lady should enjoy a triumph. It is not merely that she has more diamonds than Otero, nor yet that her repute is more resounding; her merit resides in the fact that she makes no pretenses whatever. She is simply and solely a good-looking woman, well-appearing, with a subdued manner, whose name is connected with a number of court scandals. Such things are certainly attractions—for those that so regard them. But what she is to do on the stage, or why any one should be gump enough to pay for a stall to see her, are things totally beyond me, and yet such are the vagaries of New York that when she does appear there will be standing room only, and precious little of that.

But we are not being favored theatrically. Barring Mr. Hare in "Caste" and Miss Rehan in Shakespeare, there is not an artistic production going. And the singularity of it is that any one who merely reads the dramatic criticisms which the daily papers afford would think that the town was filled with allurements. "Shamus O'Brien" is a case in point. It has been praised by every critic in the city. There were those among them whom it excited into columns of enthusiasm. All of which does not prevent "Shamus O'Brien" from being downright rubbish.

Another case in point is "Captain Impudence," now running at the American. I defy anybody but a small schoolboy to enjoy that play. At the close of the second act there is a climax of the clap-trap Old Bowery order. In addition there is a very brave soldier, a Mexican maiden who fancies him married, a Mexican villain who knows that he is not, there is a stupid girl with a father who takes after her, sentiments fine and false as long as your arm, an impudence which is in the title and nowhere else, and the stamp of approval from every critic in town. "Shamus O'Brien" is rubbish, this is drivell. But were you not beguiled into going to see it, never would you suspect it in the least. And yet, if I may venture to speak of myself, the spectacle of it did me good. It made me ambitious. I have never aspired to be a playwright, but I did that night. I decided that, if I could not produce something better, it was impossible for any one with the brain of a medium-sized rabbit to produce anything worse.

In view of the hired dancers and general spectacular effects, the French Ball, which occurred at the Madison Square Garden last week, may properly be classed among theatrical entertainments. The feature of it was Otero, who, without her diamonds but with the enigma of her repute, lolled in a box much as Cleopatra must have in her galley. Before her the spectators halted, stared, and then passed on, perplexed. They were of every denomination—except the best. In years gone by, now and again women of position, dominoed to the throat, masked to the teeth, protected by husbands and brothers, would, for the lark of the thing, look in and look on.

This year there was no sign or symptom of their presence, of their husbands, either, or even of their brothers. There were a lot of people whom you did not know, an inordinate number of ballet girls, a few oafs in costume, a sprinkling of men about town, two Salvation lasses, a great many journalists, and an atmosphere opaque and deadening, charged with opopanax, with cigarette-smoke and ennui.

The ball began with a fanfare and ended with a yawn. During the interim there was a promenade concert through which the spectators stalked interminably.

AFRICA is again taking an important place in sales of postage stamps, a British Central Africa brown stamp selling for \$50 at a recent London sale, while an Oil River's five shilling or twopence stamp sold for \$16 and a ten shilling or five pence brought \$37. At the same sale a New South Wales three penny stamp with the laureated water-mark 2 brought \$262; a British Guiana eight cents, first issue, green, \$155; a Canada twelve pence, black, \$125; a Nevis lithographed sixpence, \$87; a Newfoundland one shilling, orange, \$50; a Spanish two real stamp of 1852, \$62, and a Great Britain ten shilling, gray cross, \$105.

"GOOD MOTHERS."

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

UNTIL some new method of propagating the world is invented, motherhood must remain the most important of all occupations possible for woman.

It is the oldest of feminine professions, yet, at the same time, it is one in which the highest excellence is most rarely attained.

The world is full of sainted mothers, devoted mothers, adoring and self-sacrificing mothers, but the really good mother, who regards her occupation as a dignified profession to be studied with seriousness and pursued with prayer and common sense, is difficult to find.

Certainly she did not exist in olden times. That was the era of the sainted mother. She lived wholly in her domestic life. She bore children frequently, and looked askance, with either pity or suspicion, upon the childless wife. She baked, brewed, spun and sewed, knit and darned for her children. She was patient and amiable. She taught her offspring to pray and to attend church. She was a devoted nurse in time of sickness, and she was always at home. But she knew no more of the temperament or character of her children than the Fiji Islander knows of algebra.

She was too "modest" to tell her daughters facts of vital importance to their future health and well being, and if they became invalids or weaklings, in consequence of this negligence on her part, she regarded it as the will of God.

She shut her eyes and her ears to all the vices of her sons, and they would have sooner blasphemed in presence of a saint than speak to this mother of the temptations which beset them in the world.

No, this was not motherhood as God meant it to be.

The "devoted mother" is everywhere to be found. She adores her children and obliterate her individuality in the efforts to give her sons and daughters a good time; to clothe them, educate them, and push them on in the world.

Meanwhile she neglects to make herself a companion for them. She shares few, if any, of their pleasures, and is happy to sit in the background, wearing old-fashioned clothes, and permitting her face to become furrowed and her mind rusty, while her children keep step with the fashions and fads of the day.

She is full of what Julien Gordon has well named the "she wolf" instinct, to rend other people's children who dress better or win higher honors than her own. This certainly is not the highest ideal of motherhood of which woman is capable.

Again we see the ambitious yet selfish mother, who gives her children the advantages of expensive schools and high-salaried governesses and tutors, but who will not be personally bothered with their presence, save on show occasions.

The New Woman talks very wisely about the mistakes of her mother and her grandmother, who devoted all their strength and time to the care of children. She prides herself upon being much more sensible; she is keeping herself young and storing her mind with information in order that her children may find her a companion when they emerge from the hands of the brain carpenters and manner finishers who are paid to "form" them.

She passes whole days without seeing her young children for more than an hour, but she knows they are well cared for by competent nurses and governesses, and she believes it is her duty to save her strength and nerves in order to be a companion to them when they are older.

She remembers that her mother was nervous and irritable often, because she allowed herself to be a mere nursery drudge, and she is resolved to steer clear of this Scylla—and in so doing forgets Charybdis.

Later on she wonders at the cruelty of fate, that surprises her with a daughter who is wholly "unsympathetic" and a son who is wholly "unmanageable." She has bestowed her money and her thought to giving these children every advantage life could offer, and she is crushed and heartbroken over their ingratitude and perversity.

It never occurs to her that the fault lies wholly with herself. The artist who pays a sign painter to finish a portrait for which he has received an order, ought not to be surprised if the picture is a failure.

If Balzac had sketched out his plots, and turned the delineation of his characters and the phrasing of his books over to his valet, he could hardly have expected great results.

If the expert watchmaker leaves the most delicate and important part of his profession to apprentices, he cannot blame any one but himself if the watch fails to keep correct time and is always out of order.

I met a lady who was studying music and languages, "to enlarge her rather limited horizon." She said: "I have three children, and they make me so nervous I need something to get me out of the domestic rut and to lead me into a broader line of thought."

I deemed this admirable. But later I saw the lady on her lawn with a charming bright boy of four playing about her. He asked her a score of childish questions to which she gave irritable or indifferent answers. Each question was like a delicate vine tendril reaching up to the light. Each answer was like a rough hand pushing the tendrils down into the dust.

What can this woman achieve in languages or music, which will give her such opportunities of usefulness as the training of that young soul afforded her?

Five little girls started under one teacher at the same time to study music. One child who had taste, but not talent, was observed by her mother to be greatly lacking in the power of concentration. She dawdled during her hour for practice, and watched the clock and listened to the sounds in the street.

The mother, a busy progressive woman, with many duties, made it a part of each day's programme to sit beside her child during her hour of practice and teach her the art of mental concentration, and as a natural consequence the girl has, in two years, far outstepped her more talented competitors in the same class.

This is ideal motherhood; but it means self-sacrifice, forethought, clear seeing, and infinite patience. No paid teacher could have taught the child the important lesson

of concentration as this mother taught it by her loving patience and example. The consequent progress in musical lines is but the smallest of the vast benefits which the young girl's mind has received from this mother's care.

The woman who "picks up" after her disorderly child, or who pays a nurse to do so, is no more a good mother than is she who scolds and nags the child for disorderly habits, instead of training the nature into systematic methods by hourly tact and patience as the gardener trains the willful vine.

There is no limit to the possible achievements of a mother who begins at the cradle and carries her painstaking care into the early girlhood or manhood of her children. Such a mother can overcome hereditary vices and safely combat every evil influence the world has to offer.

The mother who is not too modest to talk to her growing sons of the temptations which are certain to await them in future years, and to inspire their minds with manly pity, rather than disdain, for the fallen of her own sex, will do more to better the world than half a dozen Purity Leagues.

The boy and girl who can talk with their mother on any subject which puzzles them, and find sympathy and wise council at her knee, are not the children who break the mother's heart later on.

But this sympathy is not gained by one or two "talks." It is a matter of slow growth, of daily comradeship, of hourly example.

Motherhood of this kind calls for all the earnestness, the labor, the close application, the self-denial, which any profession demands before it gives success. And just as the great lawyer cannot be at the same time a great physician, because success in any chosen line calls for the focusing of the entire mental powers, so no woman can hope to be a successful mother who follows another calling.

The old-fashioned woman with her ignorance of the world, her narrow horizon, her blindness to the dangers which menaced her children so soon as they left her knee, was a saint-like figure but a dismal failure as an ideal mother. The new woman, with her enlarged views, her wide range of thought, and her freedom to pursue any profession she chooses, comes no nearer—in truth not so near—the needed standard of motherhood.

Yet out of the chaos of the present, the mother of the future is more likely to evolve than out of the stagnation of the past.

When woman has had her fling at "freedom," when she has found the sting in the coveted honey of "professional" or "business" life, she will come with a broadened mind and larger capabilities, perhaps, to her own kingdom and take possession of it.

She will learn to look upon motherhood as the widest possible field in which to exercise her increased powers.

She will study her children as carefully as the physician studies his patients, or the lawyer his "cases." She will consider their faults and failings, not as crosses a cruel fate has sent her to bear, not as evils to which she must blind her eyes, but as human weaknesses which she must help them to overcome, by unremitting patience and tact and the cultivation of the divine will inherent in every breast. She will watch them as a florist watches his plants, giving the slow of growth more sun, the transplanted more shade, pruning, trimming, weeding and watering as each day reveals their separate needs, and keeping them always in the sunlight of her own love.

And she will, too, extend her sweet influence to other lives; she will be the Universal Mother, knowing that she cannot, even by a thought, harm other people's children without harming her own.

When motherhood of this kind becomes as common as it is rare, woman will not need the ballot to mold the world to her liking.

WINGS.

BY ARTHUR FIELD.

THERE is a paradise built in air
Over whose portals this legend swings:
"Here may not enter grief and care,
Only the thoughts that rise on wings."

Once when I tried to forget my clay
And soar to the gates I thought so near,
I found that the distance one falls in a day
Is further than they may climb in a year.

Unto these portals shall all things go—
The ages are full of those flights and falls;
So slowly wings from the chrysalis grow,
And, oh, how far are the paradise walls!

LIFE IN THE TOMBS.

WHILE conversing with one of the most intelligent prisoners in the Tombs recently, the writer inquired if many innocent persons were locked up by mistake.

"You would think so to hear the stories they tell," replied the man, "and I dare say that a few do get in through the malice of others or the bungling of the police. However, most of them are fearful liars and an entirely worthless class of people. They generally tell the other prisoners a different story concerning their arrest to the one given on the police blotter, and one has only to stay a few months here to learn the really dark side of human nature. At the same time I think that there are just as many who never come here at all that deserve the fate as much as those who get inside. Humanity, when it once starts upon the downward path, is one of the most abjectly hopeless things in all creation. 'Once a prison bird always one' may be selected as a new but correct aphorism."

THOSE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Chauncey M. Depew at the Albany celebration—"It is common to lament the good old times and the better days of the Republic. It is the result of my study, experience and observation that the best day is to-day, and to-morrow will be a better."



HIGH MASS.—PAINT



ASS.—PAINTED BY J. BEULLAIRE.



XXII.

HELPING THE DEVIL.

THE devil is an assiduous student of the vagaries of fashion, and would no more be detected in garb unsuited to the age than would a smart society woman. But there is one principle which he never neglects—he never alarms the finer sensibilities of his game. He realizes that nobody wishes to appear to himself in an unamiable light; and as a matter of fact no one does so appear until he has stopped being so. You will observe that all criminals, of small or great degree, plead either innocence or, what is the same thing, justification. They are reformers, censors, judges in equity. Their idea is to hasten on the Golden Age. It is the devil's favorite occupation to reveal to them the illimitable number of ways there are to accomplish this praiseworthy end. By dint of logic, or hypnotism, or whatever means is best adapted to the case in hand, he demonstrates to them that he is, really, on the side of the angels; and they, enchanted to discover that the angelic cause is for once in harmony with that of their private appetites, prejudices, or grudges, follow his suggestions with enthusiasm. It stands to reason—and the devil is nothing if not reasonable—that no gentleman or lady wants to get into the lake of fire and brimstone; and the devil never for a moment permits such a possibility to obtrude itself. No; your sinner's conviction always is that he is righting some wrong, reforming some injustice, and thereby making the world more lovely. Almost anything will, it seems, serve the purpose. Sometimes we are constrained to remove some obstructive person—as the Sultan, for example, removes Armenians, or General Weyler, Cuban patriots. Sometimes an equalization of the distribution of property will suffice, as we see in the case of the burglar and pickpocket. Or it may often happen that we need only expose the pretensions of this or that swindler who is making capital out of our foibles or ignorance. The processes of legal justice are notoriously slow, clumsy and inadequate; but those who take its administration into their own hands cannot go wrong, because they have made a particular study of the case, and know exactly what is required.

The most famous living English novelist (as some good critics think) once wrote a long novel about respectability. As soon as the imps discover a respectable person, they squat round him in a circle and watch. They have no misgivings about losing their time; sooner or later they are certain to be repaid. For respectability—the persuasion that we entertain that we are all right, because we conform to law and order and are vindicated by the canons of good taste and custom—this is the devil's soundest foothold. A frank and self-conscious evil-doer (if such a one there be) is a poor investment for the devil, because there will always be a limit to his ill deeds. He knows what he is about. No such infirmity attaches to the victim of respectability. Knowing himself to be right, there is absolutely no enormity which he may not be induced to commit. The deeper into Tophet he gets, the more erect is his carriage, the more assured his virtuous simper. He smells the boiling pitch, and interprets it as the perfume of heavenly flowers, which cherubs are weaving into garlands for his holy brows. He hears the caterwaulings of his predecessors being impaled on red-hot pitchforks, and mistakes it for the choir of young-eyed seraphim, welcoming him to his reward. Once implant that notion of respectability in your subject, and you need have no further anxiety about him; he actually cannot be uneasy any more. He is the standard, the criterion, and that's the end of it. He approves of all that is good—of himself; he frowns at all that is bad—not in his set. Compared with him, the people in the newspapers who sleep three years at a stretch, and "puzzle the doctors," are afflicted with insomnia. At the crack of Doom, he will get up, and advance toward the sheep side of things; but he will be sounder asleep than ever. And in hell he will straighten his back, settle his collar, stroke his whiskers, smile upon his reflection in the looking-glass, and say, "How fair is heaven!" Certainly, the devil would starve to death, and Tartarus become a howling wilderness were it not for respectability. But as it is, it is a land flowing with gall and vinegar—the milk and honey of the respectable.

But is it not possible for really good people to be respectable? Well, that is a question. There is nothing in goodness to prevent its true votaries from washing their faces, wearing good clothes, speaking straight grammar, keeping good company, avoiding collisions with the police, and reverencing the Decalogue. But all that has nothing to do with respectability. To determine whether that exists, you must lead your man or woman into genial conversation, get into a mutually confidential attitude—and then, all at once, announce something which seems to identify you with what is not respectable—with what is sinful, if you like; though definite wickedness is much less offensive to respectable people than lack of respectability can ever be. At this crucial moment, keep your gaze steadfastly directed upon the countenance of the subject of your experiment—especially upon the eyes and the region about the lips. If he be good, there will come into his eyes a softness, a depth, a compassion and gentleness, reflected in the expression of the mouth. You have aroused his interest, his charity, his love; he wishes to help you, to protect you, to save you, to uplift you, to identify himself with you, recognizing, as he instantly does, that you stand in a peril to which he knows himself also to be liable. That is the way a good person will look; and no amount of outwardly respectable appearance will in the least avail to obscure or render ambiguous the portrayal upon his features of this celestial, human expression. He is

your poor brother, in like trouble as you are, and his cause and yours are one.

Now let us set forth the result in the case of the subject's respectability. He was full of agreeableness a moment ago, jolly, amicable, inviting. Alas, what a change has been wrought by the prick of that thurid word of yours! He has recoiled and stiffened. His nostrils seem to inhale an evil odor. His upper lip has spread out horizontally, and the corners of his mouth are depressed. His brows are slightly contracted. But his eyes—how shall they be described? The opacity and hardness which have overspread all his face are concentrated there; you cannot penetrate beneath the cornea; they have a fishy aspect, cold, repulsive and repelling—inhuman. There is a shriveling, disappearing look in them, as if this soul were withdrawing itself from you, shaking off upon you the dust of its feet, and abandoning you to the perdition you have merited. Was it thus that Christ looked when they brought to Him the woman caught in adultery? No; but then Christ, with all His good points, could hardly be called a respectable person.

It is an insidious disease; let us have a concrete illustration. Let it be assumed that we have introduced a Trilby into a respectable lady's drawing-room. Trilby is all very well in a book, or even on the stage; but this is to be an actual Trilby in real life. She has committed her sin; a number of them, perhaps; but in introducing her to the lady of the house, we say nothing about that; we wish to let things take their natural course. The girl behaves herself well enough, does and says nothing offensive. Possibly she is in the condition of desiring to sin no more. Circumstances alter cases, but, speaking generally, this sin is at once the most venial and the least forgivable that a woman can be guilty of. In its social aspects it is one of the worst; in its personal aspect, it is often one of the most pardonable. The temptation was itself, or intrinsically, the strongest to which a woman can be subjected, because the purest and best instincts of her nature conspire with the tempter to overcome her. It comes to her, moreover, at the age when her experience is at the minimum, and her impulses at their powerfulest. The very man who is wronging her appears to her the noblest and manliest of men. Give him opportunity, and what can save her from him? Let each woman ask herself how often, or how rarely, she is saved. Sometimes the wrong is "righted" by subsequent marriage. But can innocence be subsequent to sin? Harsh critics might call such a solution, luck. There are many women who would have been glad to have such luck, but who, not getting it, are mere Trilbys, and anathema; though, but for their bad luck, they might have been just as good as those who destroy them. Perhaps the soul of an unmarried Trilby may be in less peril than those of some of the "righted" ones; at least, she is more prone to humility. Be that as it may, there is no denying that the existence of society depends upon the elimination of Trilbys—the undiscovered ones especially.

But all this time we are keeping the hostess of our Trilby waiting; Trilby has made her adieux, and has been politely asked to call again; she seemed a very nice girl; if there is anything the lady can do for her, she will be graciously pleased—introductions—anything that will help to bring her forward; it is one woman's duty to help another.

You applaud her kindly feeling, and go on to say that the lady can help this young woman very much; for she is a Trilby! She needs help, and only women can give it her. If women repulse her, she must go down and disappear. It is of no avail to put her in an Institution; she must be taken into one's own home. She cannot be reformed by rule and square, but only by love and forgiveness. In short, it is needless to rehearse these trite appeals, or the still more trite indignation and scathing denunciation with which our respectable lady rejects them. Never will she forgive either Trilby or us. How dared she, and we, so insult her, in her own house? It is an outrage, a scandal—and so on.

Now let us try to understand just what is in this lady's mind; and I think it will be conceded that at least 99,999 ladies in society, out of every 100,000, would feel and express themselves after the manner indicated.

Obviously Trilby has done her no direct personal injury. Indeed, had she thrown a cup of tea in her face or called her a liar, she might have been forgiven. Trilby did but yield to a temptation to which, *mutatis mutandis*, the lady might have been herself a victim. The injury, then, is purely impersonal or social. That is, if society discovered that the lady had received a woman of easy virtue, it might infer that the lady was herself no better than she should be, and would in that case condemn her to share Trilby's ostracism. Again, a Trilby might corrupt her own daughters, or sons, or husband. For the lady can endure Trilby out of her sight; but to have her under her roof—to be on speaking terms with her—impossible! It is true that if Trilby happen to be a famous actress, a great singer, the thing may be and occasionally is managed. Why, it would be curious to inquire.

But meanwhile, how about justice to Trilby, who, when she committed her sin, had no idea of injuring society; she was thinking only of her lover. The lady condemns her because society condemns her; but what is society but an aggregation of condemning ladies? If any one lady's condemnation be unjustifiable, how can that of a thousand or a million be less so? If the injustice is to be corrected, how can the correction be begun except by individuals?

But what of the corrupting influence of Trilby in the family? Well, is not Trilby, removed from the restraint of good associations, more apt to corrupt than otherwise? What stronger reforming influence than making her one of ourselves could be brought to bear on her? But if the family influence is not good—if daughters, son, and husband incline to stoop—is that Trilby's affair? Beware of helping the devil! JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

"THE most remarkable coincidence I can remember," says a recent contributor to "Tit-Bits," "is that during 1887 there were serving in the Brigade of Guards three soldiers, whose rank varied according to their respective names; viz., Private Farthing, Coldstream Guards; Corporal Halfpenny, Grenadier Guards; Sergeant Penny, Scots Guards," the latter being the writer.

IN Mexico miners get sixty cents a day.

THE OLD SAVAGE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

NOT the oldest Savage—I was too late for that. The one I first knew was down on the Strand, on the ground floor of Exeter Hall. The Hall itself was devoted to assemblies of edifying kinds, religious, musical and charitable, and has been, for the last fifteen years or more, occupied by The Young Men's Christian Association, I believe. The Savage was not an organization of any of these sorts. It was a Bohemian Club, and the foremost of its stripe in the world. It had a brother club in this country—The Lotos, the members of which were courtesy members of the Savage when they were in London, and vice versa; but I am not sure if that arrangement is still kept up. The Savage took its name from that of its founder, about whom I know nothing, having forgotten what I did know; but I presume that he was of Bohemian proclivities. There used to be a very Bohemian Savage who lived on a pension from Pope, but I fancy he was not the one.

The original Savage was, I understood, somewhere in the vicinity of Covent Garden; it was a lot of needy artists in various branches, in a small back room upstairs. But the Club prospered until, in the 'Seventies, they were able to rent this Exeter Hall place, which was on the ground floor, with a big window on the Strand, and an apparatus productive of beers and whiskies and simple viands somewhere in the rear, behind a screen. A more gloomy, long-drawn, ugly room you could not have desired; but the walls were covered up to the coping with old prints, plain and colored, of dramatic celebrities, and with framed play bills of the olden time; and there were a few old portraits, including one of Charles Farrar Browne, of U. S. A., with light red hair, hanging over the back door. For Artemus Ward had been a member of the Savage during his short and memorable sojourn in this city, and any other member could tell you funny stories about him. Against the west wall of the room was a piano, which was never long without a performer on it, and round which many a chorus went up, with Mattheson or Lee thumping the accompaniment. On banquet nights, a long table was constructed down the room, accommodating a hundred or more; and such dinners never were known since the Noctes Ambrosianae. The Clover Club dinners, which are held, or used to be, in Philadelphia, are a pale imitation of them; though it may be admitted that Major Handy was not an imitator, and has yet to experience a successor who can make his ministrations seem less than ideal. Somehow or another, that sort of thing seems to go better and more naturally in London than on this side.

There was always a group of fellows in the Savage, even quite early in the mornings, though I suppose they must have been stay-overs from the night before. Conversation was free and was apt to be shop. You smoked a pipe, with birdseye tobacco in it, unless you were willing to risk personal remarks. You drank beer, and Scotch. No doubt there was a certain amount of pose in it all; the men were a little more pronounced in the Club than out of it. But the pose soon became a second nature, which you put on at entering, just as you took off your overcoat. There was no sort of story that might not be told in that retreat, provided only it were well told. You could hold language there that would have made the hair curl anywhere else; but it melted into the Savage air as harmoniously as whisky into water. There were men of all descriptions in the Club; but the Club surroundings gave all a certain tone, as artists say, which they often lacked elsewhere. It must not be inferred that there was even the shadow of anything disreputable in the broad masculine sense, about the Club; nothing of the sort would have been tolerated. You had to be a gentleman, or behave as such. But you had to be masculine, ready to stand a roughing, and to give as good as you got. I have heard cruel things said in the Savage, by way of humor; the English club idea of humor is to say brutal things to a man, adding, "must have my little joke, you know." If the object of the attack could retaliate in kind, so much the better; if not, he was likely to be made the general butt until he found himself. But in a small and much frequented Club, like the Savage, it would happen that many of the members would be familiar with one another's private circumstances, hobbies, or foibles, and would fall into the habit of making these the objective point of attack. Then, after a while, the duel would become not merely rough, but malignant. It would be renewed day after day, and sooner or later some unmistakable insult would pass. There were certain men in the Savage who would not speak to each other any more, though they would speak at each other, and about each other, like angry school-girls. The feud between Harry Lee and Arthur Mattheson was famous, and an encounter between them always drew an audience. Both were very witty men. Arthur being more original, but not quite so ready as Harry. Both were poets, and both musicians. They hated each other, and never missed an opportunity to show it. Actually, I have seen one of them get up and leave the Club (there being but one room in it) when the other was asked to sing a song. It was agony to either to hear the other praised, or to witness any consideration bestowed upon him. Such being their condition, it was easy to get a rise out of them; and it was not the way of the Savage to reconcile witty enemies; it would have been as if bankers were to throw away capital. In the evenings, when the crowd was present, some one would start the fun; a bit of fulsome eulogy of Harry or Arthur would be enough. In a few minutes battle would be joined, and the audience laughed and jeered and laughed again. It was rather dreary and pathetic to my thinking, after a while. But the brilliance of the sparks that were struck out between the antagonists sometimes was undeniable. They were both men whom everybody liked—except themselves. They afforded an endless fund of entertainment to the Club; I think Englishmen get tired of an old joke much less easily than we do. In New York, the men would either have slaughtered each other, or made it up, or been requested to leave the club, early in the proceedings. But Arthur and Harry kept it up, and were kept up to it, year after year. At last poor Arthur died, and not long after, poor Harry died too. They were never reconciled, and I

don't believe they are yet. What troubles me is the thought, how easily they might have been.

But the Savage was not all quarrelling; far from it. It was as jolly a place as a man could wish to spend an hour in—or many hours. These men were all clever in one way or another, and they brought out one another's cleverness. They were actors, journalists, musicians, literary men, artists; some were travelers, who had seen strange things in out-of-the-way places; some, like Lord Dufferin, were men of distinction in public life; some, like the Prince of Wales, were historic individuals. I never dropped into the place without feeling repaid for coming. I have said they talked shop; and there is no finer talk in the world, provided, of course, there is more than one kind of shop being talked. It was the talk of intimate knowledge by experts. It was something like sitting in the House of Commons and hearing history the day before it got into print. Here you could listen to Toole and David James swapping anecdotes of the stage, with Jim Albery, the dramatist, one of those men who are called "the wittiest man in London," sitting by and throwing in a coruscation now and then. Sometimes a number of old timers would find themselves together, and by degrees, through the interchange of their reminiscences, you would see the London of twenty or thirty years before rising and taking shape and color. And such a London!—not the kind that ordinary cockneys see or even imagine. They knew it inside, and behind the scenes. The men who gave it flavor and made it move had been their cronies and familiars. Then the ponderous form of old Joe Knight would approach the group, with his big body, his shag of grizzled hair and beard, his shrewd, kindly face, and his soft, gently modulated voice. He was dramatic critic of the "Athenaeum," and was the object both of affection and respect—for Joe had great power, but always used it as a giant should. Everything grew richer, more mellow and genial when Joe took his seat among us, and it was an education to hear him.

Another tall, black-bearded man, who came in one night and to whom I was introduced by my dear friend Willie Dixon (son of Hepworth, but no more like Hepworth than I to Hecuba), was Richard Halkett Lord—Dick Lord, we called him. He was the stepson of Horace Mayhew, editor of "Punch," and himself a "Punch" contributor; he was another of "the wittiest." In time, Dick shared with Willie the most intimate affection of my heart. He had the most extraordinary and romantic career that I happen to know of from personal knowledge. He and Dixon and I became inseparable; they used to come out to my place in Twickenham, and stay for days and weeks. Dixon had never left London; Dick had been round the world, and had won a medal in the New Zealand war; I, too, was a traveler, and an American. You could not have picked out three men more different; but we were happy when we were together. How little I thought, as we sat and smoked and sipped whisky punch in those days, that it would fall to me to write of them after they were dead. Willie Dixon, gentlest, most charming, loveliest of Englishmen, died seventeen years ago; and Dick Lord some ten or twelve years later. I should hardly feel surprised were they to enter my study now, with their laughter, their jokes, their stories, their chaffing, their noise and their silence, and make themselves comfortable as of yore on the couch and in the armchair. But there is nothing but silence now.

I am getting away from the Savage. Indeed, it was the starting point, for me, of many pleasant friendships and experiences. The picture of it is distinct in my memory—more distinct than it ever was in actuality, for I see the events of years all at once, and the haze of the tobacco smoke does not obscure the faces of the gathered clans. I hear the songs of a hundred nights, and partake of the good cheer of a score of banquets. The dead and the living meet me there; and past the big window, discreetly curtained, roars and rumbles forever the world of London.

Such a Club could not survive, in its pristine glory, in this merciless modern age. I am afraid it was never quite the same after that night the Prince of Wales dined there and was made a member. He behaved perfectly, of course; but that was no place for him—or he was not a man for that place. The Club could not quite help feeling his presence to be a compliment to it; and that is fatal. On the other hand, it was difficult to say that the Club had condescended in admitting him. There is a taint of snobbery in almost all Englishmen. I am not saying that snobbery is not an amiable and agreeable quality in its way. The Englishmen who contend against it are not the most agreeable men one meets, nor do they impress a foreigner as being the most sincere. But the Prince, though he may make believe otherwise when it suits him, is not a Bohemian; he is not one of the boys. The more he lays aside his royalty, the more you admire how well he does it; but you do not forget that he is doing it. The Savage was tamed, somehow, after he sat at its table.

After 1880 I moved into new quarters near the Thames, down a street the other side of the Strand. For aught I know it may have moved again since then. The new place was quite dignified and pretentious; there were a number of rooms, and there were servants and furniture. I used to still go there once in a while, but my visits insensibly became more and more infrequent. There was not the feeling of the old Club about it. But I never passed that big window on the Strand, under Exeter Hall, without a queer feeling in my soul, as if part of its life were within there.

In the window of a little, tumble-down house in a small Canadian town hangs the following remarkable sign: "Washing and ironing and going out for a day's work done here."

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CONSUMPTION CURED.

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MEN MANNER (AND) MOOD

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

XXVII.

THE late quarrel between Alan Dale and Mr. Daniel Frohman has, of course, two sides, and I, for one, lean toward the side of the latter. I did not see "The Courtship of Léonie" at the Lyceum Theater, but I saw Alan Dale's essay upon it, and I thought it quite as clever as it was sarcastic and cruel. That has for some time been the trouble with Alan Dale. As a writer he has justly won his reputation for brilliancy and wit. No one denies that his articles are often rich with amusement, and that they are flashing mirrors of countless theatrical follies and fads. But it will not do to perpetually satirize and mock. He is the exact opposite of Mr. William Winter, who takes everything seriously and robes his *feuilletons* in literature that now trembles with tropic invective, now pulses with momentous praise. Both Alan Dale and Mr. Winter concern themselves too much with their own "copy" and too little with the acting or the play. After his fashion the younger man is as able as is the older man after his. But the manager who advertises in the journals where both these critics are employed, has a right to expect plainer statements, fewer *flosculi sententiarum*, more numerous "whys" and "wherefores," ampler disclosures of precise facts. The manager gives to every critic of every reputable newspaper two excellent seats (as I, an outsider, have sometimes discovered to my cost) for the opening night of every new play. In exchange for these, and for the advertisements already referred to, he wishes a calmly judicial handling of his attraction. Neither Mr. Winter nor Alan Dale always gives this. What they frequently give is an essay readable, pungent, graceful, effective, but quite without commercial value to the manager himself. And commercial value in a dramatic judgment is inevitably the manager's sole desire. He should not be blamed for wanting a clear expression of the critic's views, and not a misleading one. The province of the critic is to tell theater-goers whether or not it is worth while to buy a ticket for this or that performance. His requirement, an eminently practical one, begins and ends just there. If he does not fulfill it he fails in his duty both to manager and public. He may be as Jupiterian as Sainte Beuve, as profound as Lessing, and yet he fails, just the same. I imagine that Mr. Frohman felt this in the case of Alan Dale, and that he revolted against the employment of skilled innuendo and poignant fun-poking where he deemed it his right to expect straightforward discussion. His only real mistake, I should say, was in forcing Alan Dale to leave his theater after having purchased a ticket at the box-office. Another manager not long ago attempted a similar sort of ejection and was also triumphant in it. But no legal sanction, I think, could be secured for any such act. No proprietor of any house of public entertainment is authorized in refusing entrance to a well-behaved citizen. If I am wrong here I should like very much to be corrected, but until I am proved wrong the courage of my belief will abide.

One is sometimes tempted to ask one's self, nowadays, if the glitter of swords and the crackle of pistols in modern fiction may not have wearied a few readers, even among those whose homage for imported British tale-telling is most devout. Whatever the phases of literary fashion may transiently decree, there is no novel of high and enduring worth save the novel of human character. The drama we get from battle, murder and sudden death, from detectives tracking criminals to their lairs, from searchings after buried treasures, from mutinies on ships, from explorations of mysterious pre-historic lands—all this is not really drama, but melodrama; nor is it the best in life, but usually its coarsest and least of worth. Such a novel, for example, as Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere," or Mr. James's "Portrait of a Lady," is worth a hundred "Prisoners of Zenda." When people state that the latter is dramatic they err; it is melodramatic alone. There can be no real drama without an expression of human motives, human passions. "Incident" is not drama, either in story or play. The mere arguments of "Macbeth" or "Othello" would easily put them on the list of Bowery and Covent Garden "shockers." More real drama can occur between two or three people in a few days, a few hours, than we may find amid all the thunders of Gettysburg and Antietam, or among those horror-stricken hundreds who sank, the other day, on that doomed German craft. Lovers of Charles Lever and Marryat and Mayne Reid and Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. Rudyard Kipling will somehow never get it through their heads that they are reading literature which concerns itself more with things than people. Shipwrecks, avalanches, and other catastrophes that involve hair-breadth "escapes by sea and land, are the very last resources of the novelist who writes with higher purpose than merely to tickle curiosity and "sell" on steamboats and railways. These accidents and calamities have no real concern with the portrayal and exposition of human character. By the great writers they are used, sometimes, as ends, not as means. When I say that they are used as ends, not as means, I have reference to the impressive vividness with which they may be employed at certain final periods in the artistic development of logical, natural happenings. The death of "Roderick Hudson," in Mr. James's noble novel of that name, is an example of this wiser discernment. Roderick falls from a great height in the Alps, and is killed. But his destruction, timed with deftest opportuneness and finely attuned to the solemn exigencies of his life-history, is of greater literary import than countless "thrilling" episodes, huddled into the current of a novel for the sole apparent purpose of "excitement" and "go." A tiny drop of Tabasco sauce in one's soup will properly season it; four or five will turn it into a vulgar stimulant. The word "sensational" was long since coined in contempt. Daniel DeFoe was the father of all the writers whom I have just named, and the place of DeFoe, though a marked one, is not high.

Earthquakes and cyclones and simooms, and all other terrible and unexpected things that happen to us, do not aid the painter of humanity. They engender impulses and fervors which are heroic or cowardly, fierce or self-surrendering; but their delineative power with respect to the true spirits and actions of men and women is pitifully insufficient. Everybody does or says everything under an abnormal hypnotism of disaster. And this is not what the conscientious portrait-painter needs or wants. Imagine a portrait-painter who deals with brush and colors instead of pen and ink, sanctioning an expression of sudden terror or devil-may-care bravery on the part of his sitter! And what, after all, is the best novel-writing but the best painting of portraits?

This question, this reflection, brings me to a remembrance of the new book of short tales ("A Wedding, and Other Stories") by Julien Gordon, who, as everybody knows, is Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruizer. Julien Gordon's methods of story-telling are, in the main, an exquisite opposite of all the hectic *faux pas* now in vogue. She is never loud, never strained; her prose has a certain silken fluency, like the sweep of an unruffled brook. But brook-like, too, it is translucent, and below its bright, swift tide one may trace delicate sinuosities of thought, curious and symmetric as swaying water-weeds, and the glimmer of polished epigram, smooth and pearly as pebble or shell. She can be very fervid and passionate if she chooses, but in none of these narratives has she chosen to strike that sonorous note. I am glad that she has made "A Wedding" the title of her book, for it is the simple but pregnant little history of a poor, ugly, ill-favored Polish music-master who falls madly in love with his pupil. And his pupil, who does not dream of his impracticable and foolhardy attachment till she parts from him to become the wife of a German nobleman, is a girl on whose dimples and roseate tints and refined accompaniments the unhappy Grunowsky should never have presumed to waste a thought. But he adores her, and Julien Gordon, by an artlessness which veils the most perfect art, shows us how it is life and human nature and the infinite unexplained sadness which forever pervades both, that he should hopelessly adore her as he does. The story is all true drama, and very tenderly and potently is it evolved. Then comes "The First Flight," for which I care less, though I did not greatly care for it in the magazine where I first read it. It is Julien Gordon's worldlier side, and it scintillates, like the hard and cold literary jewel that it is, with a dry, white sheen. It lacks, to my thinking, the lovable, sympathetic quality which is this author's richest gift. In "Conquered" (a Tourgenieff-like tale of an elderly man who becomes enamored of an elderly woman) Julien Gordon is again on her peculiar and authentic ground. And once more, in "Raking Straws," she is touching, captivating, suggestive, rare. I wish that space would let me tell how spontaneously winsome I consider this story. In one sense it is not a story at all, but a kind of ramblingly dulcet murmur. She has not cared for the *chute de phrase*, for the over-careful revision of text, for the glitter of the apothegm, for the succinctness of presentment, for the compression and curtailment of dialogue, and yet somehow, in "Raking Straws," the effect of all of them is there. When you read the last sentence you say to yourself—"This is Corot painting with a pen." Admirable impressionism could not further be carried. And the truth is, Julien Gordon possesses one of the most valuable and indefinable virtues known in fiction. I mean that something which one calls "atmosphere." There are times when this almost wholly deserts her, and at such times she resembles other writers of her own sex who can be just as "clever"—John Oliver Hobbes, for instance, who can pack a page with numberless merely "good things" that nobody remembers five minutes after reading them. *Sape stilum certas*, advises Horace, which may freely be translated "Sandpaper as much as you can." But when Julien Gordon does not seem to "sandpaper" at all, when she writes not as the witty and well-poised woman of society, but as the woman whose brain and heart and soul are brimming with compassion for the frailties of her kind, while backed by an intimate knowledge of their temperaments, individualisms and emotions, then she reaches, unless I am wrong, a distinction almost unique. Her native domain, I should say, is that of sexual sentiment. Here she is sometimes bold, but never reckless; and here she is sometimes astonishingly wise, but never wearisome. Her inherent sparkle is so abundant that she can always let that take care of itself. Her dower of "atmosphere," before mentioned, should be given freer play. With it she can achieve still more remarkable things; and if she will only look for inspiration within the depths of her large and sensitive spirit (leaving all satire and bitterness in the extraneous places where they belong with her) she may hereafter count by multitudes the eulogists who are already no meager throng.

In writing of Julien Gordon I am led to recall Mrs. John Sherwood, who was one of this writer's most ardent supporters at the beginning of her career. Not long ago I learned that Mrs. Sherwood was about to publish her memoirs. Few books of a more interesting retrospective kind could be given to the world by any living American woman. Mrs. Sherwood, during the sixties, seventies, and at least half of the eighties, was a prominent figure at all the noteworthy New York functions. Exceedingly beautiful when young, the implacable autumnal touches have spared her, now that she is the mother of grown-up sons, with an almost marvelous mercy. But illness has latterly compelled her to spend much time in Europe, and on returning to her native land she has preferred to engross herself, during these intervals, with a charity of the most benignant and original aim. It is called the "Kind World," and its one main endeavor is to supply servants in country households. Mrs. Sherwood has been from the first its ruling spirit. For a long time, she asserts, the idea was one of her haunting familiars. She had a very large country house, which required a great many servants, and they were always anxious to stay there even after she had left it. This made her think (I am now using, almost literally, her own words) that the girls who knew nothing but the slavery of the cashier's desk or the shop counter, would like country service also, if they would only give it a trial.

It was not till 1893 that the "Kind Word" became a firm stronghold of good. Very large donations have been made it by the millionaires of our metropolis. "From the first," says Mrs. Sherwood, "we met with encouragement from the girls, but we did not achieve anything like a wonderful success till 1893, when so many hundreds of girls lost their places—not through any fault of their own, but because of the hard times. We helped these girls and told them that if they would go to the country as housemaids, and promise to stay a few months, we would find them places and pay their expenses. They clutched at this eagerly, for many of them were actually hungry, and we had to lend them money, in many instances, to pay their mothers' rent."

Mrs. Sherwood furthermore declares that her ambition is to establish a good training-school where girls can be taught to cook. If only they were so instructed, five hundred could be put to-morrow in happy country homes. Less is done for the girls of New York than for any other class, and nothing is done for those between the ages of fourteen and twenty. They go from the domestic circle to their shops, and have never been taught to cook a meal. In five cases out of ten their earnings have to support entire families. What culture they get from the public schools will expose them all the more to temptation, for hence the onus of poverty becomes harder to bear. Often the splendid Samaritanism of the "Kind Word" is like taking the knife from a would-be suicide's throat.

All honor, therefore, to the "Kind Word," and all honor to Mrs. Sherwood's first utterance of it in tones gentle enough with pity yet not too gentle for a certain practical cheerful resonance. Lives die like sunsets, this in leaden gray, that in whorls of tempestuous crimson, that again in blanks of boreal pallor. Her life, when the evening of her days shall come, should fade like the loveliest sunset that has a great lambent star blooming about it, and

"That dwells in heaven half the night."

Sir Arthur Helps, in his now forgotten book of "Realms," once hinted that perhaps the entire universe is a solid. It is now insisted on by scientists that an interstellar ether pervades all of space we can discern; or, in fewer words, that there is no space at all. But since this is an absolutely proven fact, why should we speak of the universe as infinite? Imagine a midge desiring to swim across the Atlantic at one of those periods in midsummer when there is scarcely a ripple between the Battery and Southampton. Of course the midge would soon die of fatigue, and into its microscopic brain would enter, no doubt, some dim perception of an infinite. But surely he would be a very mistaken midge, as all must agree. What Sir Arthur Helps meant by suggesting that the universe might be solid, was founded half upon the atomic theory of matter and half upon the undulatory theory of light. But neither of these is a theory any longer; they are both established facts. It is perfectly possible that every star of the many millions we discern in heaven, may occupy toward its fellows a position relatively similar to the tiny centers of force (I believe this is the new way of defining "atoms") which exist in any small material mass. The practicable medium of ether (or matter greatly rarefied and attenuated) through which the light of these stars forever is reaching us, would then correspond to the almost measurelessly slight molecular intervals in a diamond, a bit of amber, a fragment of wood.

Let us put the matter differently. Stand, some night, below an unclouded heaven, and gaze up at the luminous myriads of stars. Now that you know for a certainty that the old conception of space is a myth, and that the airy sweep between Sirius and Ursa Major is decidedly the reverse of a mere negative nothingness, ask yourself if you do not feel an absolute confidence that the universe, however monstrous in its enormity, has an appreciable and positive ending. For now that science has told you it is all matter, whether incoherent or seemingly insubstantial phases, how can you deny that there is an *ultima thule* where it ceases? Our enterprising midge, if endowed with the condensed but actual mentality of a Tyndall, might easily deny the potential existence of a Southampton. A good many Tyndalls and Spencers and Comtes and Kants have come very near such denial. But science marches apace. Now that we have found the universe to be material, how can we logically declare it unknowable? For the unknowableness of mere matter simply depends upon our powers of exploring it. Never could it be inconceivable as to limit, and always must it be the center of a certain encompassment.

Science, therefore, is leading us almost dizzyingly far. That which we have called infinity is, we must admit, no longer infinite. *But what is its encompassment?* There we are now pausing. A quintillion quintillion of miles beyond the remotest body which any telescope can find, what exists? To say that a boundless continuity of matter exists, either aerial or composite, is ridiculous. Shall we accept Schopenhauer's dictum: "For beyond, all is night and nothingness"? Accept it or reject it, as we may choose, science has now shown us a new Beyond. We can no longer speak of space as infinite or conditioned, for science has annihilated all our old ideas of space; it has annihilated space itself. What we once affirmed to be space is now proved to be matter. And it is irrefutable that matter must be contained within an environment. I repeat, science has shown us a new Beyond. To religion it may remain deity; to agnosticism it may remain the unanswerable. But to the honest thinkers of either sect it is pushed backward as far as astronomy was pushed backward from astrology three or four centuries ago.

Recently I chanced, in the pages of a Western magazine, upon the announcement of a new book of poems by a Mr. Lucky of Kentucky. The portrait of Mr. Lucky of Kentucky was displayed, and he looked like a very nice young fellow indeed. Apparently he was about three-and-twenty; perhaps a trifle younger. "Mr. Lucky's volume," it was stated, "is a collection of poems dealing especially with life in Kentucky. His verse has a rugged power and beauty of sentiment that bears a striking resemblance to the work of Mr. Walt Whitman."

"Mr. Walt Whitman struck me as diverting, to say the least. But apart from this irreverently undemo-

cratic mode of mentioning a writer who was for years, by his own conceded sanction, called not even "Walter" but "Walt," and who would doubtless have resented the "Mr." if prefixed to either name or nickname, I could not restrain certain prophetic misgivings as to the quality of verse which Mr. Lucky of Kentucky would print.

I seemed, in a kind of vision, to turn the pages of his volume. Of course rhyme has no place in it. Powerful poets, outside of their blank verse efforts, have shown us that strong metrical work can be achieved without rhyme. But if the book in question bears a striking resemblance to the work of "Mr. Walt Whitman, what is the sort of thing we may expect? Why not "rugged power" more or less in the following high-depiggle, ter-skelter, "inspirational" vein:

"Here I am, punching both elbows into the top bar of the old gate;

I'm whistling for the cows, over yonder there in the pasture;

They all know me; those cows are my comrades;

Just watch them, with their big jaws trailing blue grass;

They love me, those cows do, and I'd rather be loved by them than go to Congress.

Here they come, with their dark, wet noses and starry eyes,

Here they come, as I whistle, their great whitish dugs bursting with milk—

Yes, with milk that I shall soon send sizzling into a big tin Kentucky pail."

I feel quite sure that Mr. Lucky of Kentucky, in his striking resemblance to the Whitmanic manner, will do something after this fashion. If he does not, I shall desire to offer him my very warm apologies. But the prospectus of his yet unpublished volume has a very dangerous sound. To admire the lawless topsy-turvydom of Whitman is one thing. There are very clever people in the world who believe that they believe they admire it. But for a young poet to imitate it—ah, surely the gods must hate him if it be true that those whom they hate they first make mad! I am indeed tempted into a kind of imploring doggerel, to this plaintive effect—

Nay, dear Mr. Lucky,
Off there in Kentucky,
Be brave, and your booklet recall.
Don't imitate Whitman
Who is not a fit man
To bother your head with at all!

The other day I asked myself: Is it possible that any new school of fiction could now be founded? We have had the romantic, which is often absurd; the realistic, which is often vulgar; the naturalistic, which is often disgusting; the adventurous, which is often braggadocio; the religious, which is often soporific; the reformatory, which is often obscene. . . . What else remains?

And then it occurred to me that if I had a "literary" son who refused to regard the paternal profession as an awful example, I might one day shut him up alone with myself in the library, and deliver to him Homeric winged words, like unto these:

"My son, everything in the way of novel-writing has been accomplished. Or, until yesterday, as it were, I believed so. Now my creed has changed. There seems to me the possibility of a new 'school' being snatched from chaos."

Of course I would expect a filially courteous question, at this point, and therewith I would respond:

"This new school might aptly be named the Kalonistic, from a Greek noun, signifying 'The Beautiful.' I am not referring so much to style as to subject. Heaven knows, we have had an abundance of beautiful style; let that take care of itself, and be as succinct or redundant, as monosyllabic or polysyllabic, as it may please, provided beautiful it remains. But my New Fiction, my Kalonistic fiction, must concern itself with nothing that is not adorably charming. Evil is ugly; hence there must be no villains. Unhappiness, pathos, melancholy, even despair, are all elements of the picturesque; hence they will be welcomed. Passion, too, for that is but the white rose of love turned crimson, and love is of all things in life the most beautiful. But everything in the least dolorous must be invested with sweetness and grace. Your pain must be the pain of Correggio's Magdalen, exquisite to look upon. Your death must be like choicest sculpture. And as a Kalonist, you must never concern yourself with the homespun, the humdrum. Your heroines and heroes must live outside of cities, for cities are of necessity coarse. You must surround them incessantly with the bloom and mirth of spring, with the golden languors of summer, with the gorgeous agony of autumn's decay. If you deal with winter you must portray only its milky-blue heavens, its crystalline splendors, its pale serenities of snow. Not a hint must you give of its bite or pinch. That would suggest poverty, and nothing in all the world is so unbeautiful as poverty and the poor. I do not mean that you must be optimistic, for any intensity of optimism is tedious, and tediousness is one of beauty's harshest foes. But with all its calamities, miseries and horrors, life still has a bright side, and on this bright side, as a true Kalonist you must persistently dwell. If you touch upon old age you must apparel it with delicate enchantments, ignoring the sunken cheek or the merciless wrinkle, and concerning yourself only with the thistle-down silver of tress or beard, the eglantine tints of complexion, the matured dignity of carriage—and, more than all, above all, the wisdom gathered from ample experience. Nothing, after all, is original, and you will be returning, in a certain sense, to the old Greek forms. Your novels will be like the Venus of Melos, like the Apollo of the Vatican. Yet literature is not marble, and the Greeks never produced one good novelist but Homer, and he was far too fond of bloodshed to be called a true Kalonistic."

Then, perchance, I would have patted my son on the head and asked him if he did not see a new and sure road to fame. And my son, Heaven help him, would probably give me a dubious smile and wonder, in his disobedient and ambitious young soul, what had set me up to assailing him with all this extraordinary rubbish.

A Kalonist! Not he! There would certainly be a man in the next street, let us say, who was just then

setting all the young scribblers on fire with some "new" trick of novel-writing, really as old as the hills—a 1900 Robert Louis Stevenson, perhaps, or a Haggard, or a Kipling. And so I, deeply penetrated with the ingratitude of all human offspring, would wrap the draperies of my Kalonistic theory about me and lie down to unpleasant dreams. But meanwhile is there no striving young novelist whom my proposed career might attract? If so the Kalonistic laurels await him. Let him start by calling himself the Apostle of Beauty, and try to live up to the title. No, I mean try to write up to it. Still, any way, the terms are transferable; for if he does one, should not consistency impel him to do both?

Vaudeville entertainments are becoming popular among the New York exclusives—and why? Is it not because they are wearied to death with one another in their snobbish cohesiveness? Some of the vulgarest Bowery singers are now made a "feature" of their dinners and other revels. For this the men are chiefly responsible. Those who "go everywhere" are mainly a very foolish lot of fellows, and the charming, clever, talented women and girls who must either meet them or meet nobody at all, are forced to smile upon banjoists and other rowdy kinds of mummors. Very few thoughtful and sensible bachelors can now be induced to appear in society after they have got well into their thirties. The dudes and noodles keep them away, and they seldom have much hesitation in so affirming. Of course certain intelligent people, who ought to know better, are always struggling to gain access. This effort adds new cockfeathers each year to the pert little head of our Caste. In London you can ignore the Smart Set, or be ignored by it, and yet meet hosts of the most agreeable and delightful people. Indeed, the Smart Set over there is that which the Prince chooses to make so; and into it he puts, at his serene pleasure, rich Jews, rich nobodys, rich Dicks, Harrys and Toms. He is declared to be very fond of money—perhaps because he has not more than half enough for his own private expenses, which are those of an actual monarch, while the great entailed palaces and revenues yet remain in the grasp of his royal and imperial mamma. Politically he is of course a Tory; none of his race would dare be anything else. But I fear, from certain reports and observations, that he is a Tory so streaked with social liberalism that he has made himself hugely unpopular among a large mass of his conservative subjects. "I do not at all like the Prince of Wales," said an Englishman to me last year in Italy. The speaker was a British earl, eleventh of his line.

But the Smart Set over there is one thing. Over here, it is quite another: a petty exhibit of pompous provincialism, with upstart arrogance for its chief backing. And the immense influential and important throng outside of the Prince's coterie has no parallel here at all. New York, in its newspapers, not seldom sneers at Philadelphia and Boston as if these towns were its social inferiors. I don't know very much about poor old Philadelphia, but I am afraid she is the merest village in all matters of trumpery class pride. Boston, however, unless I have been misinformed, has latterly outgrown a great deal of her "Mayflower" and "Plymouth Rock" nonsense, and is to-day a living rebuke of New York's plutocratic splash and strut.

SWEET VIOLETS.

BY LALIA MITCHELL.

I KNOW a sunny southern slope
Shut in by forests high.
A bit of green, that gleams between
The river and the sky.
And there, before the mountain-tops
Have doffed their caps of snow,
With sweet perfume to light the gloom,
The modest violets grow.
From distant groves the robins come
On wide-expanded wing,
And soft and low the breezes blow
Sweet minstrels of the spring.
While in the water's silvery glass
The pines inverted stand,
And rushes lift their plumes that drift
Spray-burdened toward the land.
O sheltered nook where Nature dwells
Beyond the reach of Art!
Across the sea, I yearn for thee
With sad, unrestful heart.
And in my sweetest dreams I hear
The gentle breezes blow,
While at my feet, blue-eyed and sweet,
The modest violets grow.

A NEW POLAR PLAN.

It is not unlikely that the honor of first reaching the North Pole may fall to America, for the American Geographical Society is seriously considering a plan outlined publicly by Lieutenant Peary—a plan the expense of which is not great enough to be appalling. The Peary method is in principle like that of another man of large Arctic experience—Colonel W. H. Gilder, the only white companion of Lieutenant Schwatka in the last search that was made for remains of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition. Peary and Gilder agree that the smaller the party the greater the chance of success, that all possible use should be made of the Esquimaux, and that stations and sub-stations should gradually be worked northward until from some one of these, during favoring wind and ice, the Pole might be reached by a dash. Both plans contemplate some years of residence and work within the Arctic Circle, and the colonizing of selected Esquimaux families, and that all movements be on foot or by dog-sledge, a ship being used only to keep the main depot supplied with provisions. Peary would have this main station on the extreme northwestern coast of Greenland, with a sub-station on some island to the northward, and his estimates show that the effort might be continued for ten years, if necessary, for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—a smaller sum than was spent upon single exploring vessels that were lost in the ice, and a sum that can easily be raised, if only on the sentiment that it would be a great thing to unfurl the Stars and Stripes on the North Pole.

"GREENS."

HORACE DISBROW REEDE.

WHETHER so dainty and delicate as to tickle the palate of the pampered epicure, or of sufficient dimensions and substantiality to satisfy the omnivorous appetite of the horny-handed hod-carrier, whether asparagus, spinach, dandelion, turnip tops, pokeweed shoots, or some other toothsome offering of the early vegetable garden or the unkempt meadow, all are grouped by the itinerant huckster or the bustling green grocer under the comprehensive and generic if not euphonious title—"greens."

"Greens" are generally boiled or "biled," according to local customs, culinary and idiomatic, but they are very much alike after undergoing either process.

"It is good to eat greens in the spring of the year"; so say all those venerated promulgators of therapeutic and dietetic dogmas, whose opinions and theories in matters pertaining to the cause and cure of all the ills that flesh is heir to, command respect, for are they not always bolstered by incidents from their own experience and observation? For instance, the wonderful recovery of Mr. Jenkse's wife's cousin by marriage, who was released from the dread clutches of the "yaller janders" by constant and liberal draughts of "clover tea"; or the equally marvelous deliverance of Deacon Smith's sister-in-law's uncle on her mother's side, from an affliction like unto that of the late lamented Job, by taking into his system several gallons of "sassafrilly" in the spring of '69.

Speaking of Job and his misfortunes brings to my mind the old proverb, "As poor as Job's turkey." This saying has been familiar to me since my childhood's happy days, and I might add confidentially that I have had more than a speaking acquaintance with the application of the same. But recently I heard the quotation rendered, by natives of a portion of the country far from my familiar haunts, in a different form. They made it "As poor as Job's turkey hen." This adds a new interest to the old proverb, and I have inquired diligently for the authority of this distinct implication that Job's impecunious fowl was of the feminine persuasion, but my quest has thus far been in vain. But be that as it may, Job's turkey, and the equally famous "church mouse," will go down in history hand in hand—or claw in paw—as symbols of the essence of poverty and the epitome of hard luck.

But to return to "greens," I am reminded that in the old nursery rhyme which recounts the fateful adventures of

"The frog who would a-wooing go,

Whether his mother would let him or no,"

there is an interesting reference that reveals that even at the remote day of the inspiration of these classic lines, customs prevailed which to this day are assiduously followed by the discriminating gastronome. In the refrain of

"Heigho, gammon and spinach,"

we find the prototype of our present delectable, though somewhat plebeian, dishes of "pork and greens," and "corned beef and cabbage." For *gammon* we find does not here have its more familiar meaning of nonsense or trickery, but it is the old name for cured ham or bacon, and hence its juxtaposition with spinach in the rhyme is most appropos, and discloses the author's appreciation of the eternal fitness of things.

I often wonder who originally discovered the affinities of certain articles of food, and to whose inventive intellect or intuitive recognition we are indebted for the knowledge of certain combinations and complements, that now seem as inevitable and natural as the blending

of sunlight and shadow in the fading of a summer day. Who discovered the harmonious relations of strawberries and cream, and who concocted the first mince pie? Who first observed the congeniality of pork and beans, and who compounded the original Welsh Rarebit? Were these discoveries the result of long years of patient study and persistent experiment, or were they suddenly brought to light by some happy accident? Who can tell? I fear that, like the identity of Billy Patterson's assailant, and the authorship of the "Junius Letters," these questions must be forever unfathomed, and the mystery still remain unsolved and insolvable.

PRAIRIE FIRES.

BY MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN.

ALONG in early autumn, after the first frosts have seared the heavy grass, turning all the hills and valleys to a rich brown, comes a time of delight for the boy of the West, that the Eastern boy never knows. In speaking of the West, I mean that part of it lying between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains—the section set down in our old geographies as the "Great American Desert," but which is now growing into one of the most fertile farming countries in the world.

The farmers in the western extremes of this region must have protection from a most relentless enemy—the prairie fire. It takes but a spark to start the fire—from the farmer's own chimney, the smokestack of the threshing engine, or from the little blaze put out by the unsophisticated man, on his own "truck patch," and thus started, miles of country may be burned over before it is extinguished.

It is when the farmer starts out to afford himself protection from this danger that the farmer's boy rejoices, and, I might say, the farmer's girl, as well; for the whole family is apt to take part in the excitement. The fire guards are usually formed by plowing two furrows in the prairie, from fifteen to fifty feet apart, and carefully burning the grass between them. This barrier can be leaped by the flames only when driven by a strong wind. After the farmer has cut and cured all the grass that he needs for hay, and the other crops are for the most part out of the way, the plow goes steadily for several days, until the necessary furrows are set in wide circles about the stacks of hay, and along the unprotected sides of the buildings. Then, on an evening that is "wind-still," he gathers his family, puts a supply of matches into his pocket, and, laden with pails of water and heavy cloths, such as old wheat sacks, they troop out to burn the guards.

Even on a quiet night there is a spice of excitement about this, as a leaning tuft of grass may form a bridge from one side of the furrow to the other, or a stray night breeze bend the flame across. If this occurs, action must be immediate, or it will be useless.

A prairie fire at night is wonderfully fascinating, when the flames rise and fall in great, red, advancing columns, followed and supported by the lower wall of flame. The smoke rises, blacker even than the blackness that the flames lend to the sky, and seemingly upheld by the line of fire. At a long distance can be heard the hiss and crackle, as the writhing tongues of flame lick hungrily at the heavy grass. And to see, when a barrier is reached, this terrible wall of smoke and flame die into nothingness, affects one as strangely as does the awakening in the morning after a night of fire to see the brown hillslopes changed to a uniform black. We are living in a new world—one very vexatious to the neat housekeeper, as for days afterward the wind whirls the particles of charred grass about, covering every exposed surface and sifting them into every nook and cranny.

Sometimes, when rumors of fires to the windward (which is usually the south and west, in early autumn), come very early, and the homes unprotected are many, the affair is not this merry making. Then all the men in the neighborhood turn out to do the work, and do not wait for quiet weather. It savors of danger, and the younger members of the community are not allowed out. When it happens that a fire gets headway before any guards are set, there is only one thing to do—"fight fire with fire."

I remember a year spent on a large ranch in central Kansas, which was then quite the frontier. The place was but sparsely settled and the grazing ground of the ranch stretched far to the southwest, up the river valley, out of sight. The men of the place were away hauling grain for the cattle that had not yet been brought in from the range, and only the women and children were at home. One day, even before those at the house knew it, some men up on higher ground discovered a fire bearing down the valley.

Throwing themselves on their horses, they galloped swiftly down toward the threatened place, shouting to all they met that fire was coming down on Oaklawn Ranch, and no guards had been set, thus gathering quite a company of willing volunteers. There was no time to notify the family of their danger, but on reaching the place they lighted great bunches of grass, and by dragging these torches along the ground, set "back fires," along the edge of the grass, where it swept away from the house and stock sheds.

Alarmed first by the crackling of flames, those inside rushed out, to find a crowd of neighbors driving the back fire out into the grass, against the wind, and in time to witness the two fires meet.

The main fire, being wind driven, advanced rapidly, with its first great column thrown far in advance of the rest, and towering many feet into the air. It came noisily, with a swirling motion, like a storm cloud. When a little distance from the counter fire, it seemed to draw it up into its own current; for, though before, this had been but a reluctant, smoky blaze, now a column of flame shot into the sky, matching the advancing one in size, and with the same rotary motion. Then, like two enraged animals, they rushed at each other angrily, with a hiss and a roar, and, while still far apart, they gathered themselves, leaped at each other, and higher than ever above the roaring wall of flame below, where they met. In that second the two dissolved into one, then into thin air, while the brown, waving prairie of a few moments before was a blackened waste.

Then the neighbors who had accomplished this mounted their horses and galloped leisurely back to their work, ignoring all thanks, and acting as though the racing to save a man's property, and perhaps the lives of his household, from fire, were the commonest, least heroic thing in the world.

But the twelve or more years that have passed since that day have made a great difference in the new country, and the neighborhood in which, then, every house was exposed to the yearly prairie fires, at some point, has become a succession of green fields, towns have been built, a railroad has penetrated the valley, and quite a humdrum air of safety has replaced the adventurous atmosphere of old.

Like the retreat of the Indian and buffalo, however, that of the prairie fire has been but gradual. It has but moved its ground a little to the westward; for within less than a year, miles upon miles of country in western Kansas have been burned, much stock killed, many homes destroyed, and a number of men who tried to save their possessions have lost their lives. So it will keep up its yearly ravages, ever a little more to the westward, until at last, reaching the place where the brown foothills meet the sand flats and snow caps of the Rocky Mountains, the last prairie fire of the plains will burn itself out.



KING OSCAR.

Oscar II, King of Sweden and Norway, is the great-grandson of Napoleon's famous general Bernadotte. He was born January 21, 1829. Before he ascended the throne he held the rank of lieutenant-general in the army. On the death of the king's brother, Charles XV., September 18, 1872, he succeeded to the throne. In 1878 the Stockholm Academy of Sciences elected the King of Sweden a corresponding member in recognition of his poetical translation of Goethe's "Faust" into Swedish. His Majesty is also the author of "A Memoir of Charles XII," translated into English in 1879, and of "Poems and Leaflets from the Journal," 1880, under the nom de plume of Oscar Frederick. In June, 1857, he married the Princess Sophia of Nassau, daughter of the late Duke Wilhelm of Nassau, who was born in July, 1836. From his union there are four sons—Gustaf, Duke of Värmland, born in June, 1858; Oscar, Duke of Gotland, born in November, 1859, who married Miss Ebba Munk, daughter of Colonel Munk of the Swedish army; Carl, Duke of Westergötland, born in February, 1861, and Eugene, Duke of Nerike, born in August, 1865. In 1862 and 1863 King Oscar successfully opposed the desire of the Norwegian parliament for a foreign and consular service that would be independent of Sweden. How King Oscar of Sweden will act, as umpire to settle disputes between the United States and Great Britain—if he ever does act in that capacity—remains to be seen. He has the reputation of being a just man of unflinching courage for the right.



PRESIDENT KRUGER.

Paul S. J. Kruger, President of the Transvaal Republic in South Africa, was born at Rustenburg, Transvaal, in 1825. In 1872 he became a member of the Executive Council of the South African Republic under President Burgers; in 1882 he was elected President himself for the first time. The term of the office was five years, when he was again chosen 1883. Again in 1888 he was chosen, there being evidently no popular prejudice in the Transvaal against a third term. In 1893 he was chosen for the fourth time, and the term has not yet expired. President Kruger is a prominent modern instance of the personal ruler. Like Schenck in the Swiss Republic he seems destined to stand at the helm during life and competency. Indeed there is an actual basis of comparison between these solid old men in two of the most important international episodes of recent years. The Swiss Republic successfully defied the German Empire, when Emperor William attempted coercion in the dealings of Schenck and his government with the French; and Kruger has just completed his rather humiliating victory over the British Empire in the matter of the Jameson raid. President Kruger has also become prominent recently in a matter that concerns us. While most public men have been lauding our proposed arbitration treaty with Great Britain, this stolid Dutchman, when asked about it, preferred not to speak until he could do so with full knowledge of the subject—an incident, by the way, that tells us a great deal about Paul S. J. Kruger.



GENERAL RIVERA.

The successor of Maceo in the command of the Cuban revolutionary forces now operating in the province of Pinar del Rio is Major-General Juan Ruiz Rivera. He is a native of Porto Rico, and, like General Calixto Garcia, of pure white descent. At an early age he was sent to Spain, where he received an excellent education. After his return to the West Indies he evinced an ardent sympathy with the wish of his Cuban kindred to throw off the Spanish yoke, and he took an active and distinguished part in the ten years' struggle, serving for the most part under the late General Antonio Maceo. He rose at that time to the rank of colonel. When, as member of an expedition fitted out at Jacksonville, he reached Cuba in September last, he was commissioned a brigadier-general, and assumed a subordinate command under Maceo, who repeatedly recommended him to the revolutionary government as a man pre-eminently qualified for the supreme control of operations in Pinar del Rio. On Maceo's death he was made a major-general, and is now directing the defense of the rebel positions in the province named. A great deal is expected of him. The position of prominence into which the fortunes of the island have thrust him is also one of great peril. Like his predecessor, however, he has cheerfully taken his life in his hands for the cause whose triumph—however long it may be delayed—is certainly assured. It may be given to him to lead war-torn Cuba to complete independence.



CAPTAIN R. D. EVANS.

Robley D. Evans, captain commanding the "Indiana," is certainly one of the best looking men in the navy, as he and his cruiser make up one of the "old reliable" combinations in Rear-Admiral Bunce's North Atlantic Squadron. It will be seen by his real name that he is not entitled to be called "Bob" at all—and the term "Fighting Bob Evans" is not agreeable to him. For both of these reasons we should not apply the appellation, though it will be difficult to get rid of the sobriquet altogether. Captain Evans is of Virginia stock. He was a junior officer when Sumter was fired on in 1861. Being a Virginian his mother sent in his resignation, supposing of course that her boy would be only too glad to get away. His judgment, if not his heart, inclined to the Union, however; and though the Department had promptly accepted his resignation from his mother, the junior officer found his way back. He has a slight halt in his otherwise firm step to-day, as a result of active service. He is a model soldier as well as sailor. No cruiser or battleship in the navy has more perfect esprit de corps than the "Indiana" in the hands of Captain Evans. He is wonderfully self-contained, solid and level-headed. He is indeed anything but the impulsive, precipitous man implied in the sobriquet to which he objects. He is well-liked by his men and highly respected and much valued by his fellow commanders and by the Department. While the North Atlantic Squadron has been "getting together" the name of Captain Evans naturally occurs.

SILHOUETTES.

BY J. H. C. HOYT.

III.

THE discovery of the genus snob was made by Thackeray, who brought him to light, and classified him into different species, some time in the thirties, although the characteristics defined by this term probably existed as far back as in antediluvian times, in that very mixed society, which Noah disapproved of so strongly; and through the intervening centuries they have increased and multiplied to such an extent that at the present time the world teems with them. In America the most interesting specimens of the class are usually women; for although the masculine prototypes are plentiful enough, they are neither as subtle nor as clever, whereas a genuine American woman snob is usually a very accomplished production, possessing an executive cleverness that is quite her own.

"I took Mrs. Push out in the carriage the other day," complained a mild descendant of the Knickerbockers plaintively, "and what do you suppose she did? She had a pencil all ready it seems, and at every house at which I left cards, she exclaimed: 'Oh, let me just scribble my name on them.' I am sure she didn't know half those people, but I couldn't charge her with it point-blank. Of course it made me her sponsor, as it were, and as soon as I realized the situation I made an excuse to go home. But I suppose," she added helplessly, "most of those people think I am introducing her to society."

In what a variety of ways women of this class show themselves capable of engineering their social campaign, and what talents they possess for first ingratiating, then distancing, and finally, after reaching the goal of their ambitious, snubbing their competitors in the race, has been too often demonstrated to require comment. Their great ambition is to belong to a select coterie, which is generally known as the smart set; although just what constitutes ultra smartness in New York might be difficult to define, for it does not necessarily imply either family or brains or even money—although the last would seem to constitute a most potent factor—but rather an exclusive prestige that certain people arrogate to themselves, and which the world accepts at their own valuation.

In this country the snob has a peculiar difficulty to contend with, for to be truly successful she must not only be in with the powers that be, but also with the powers which may be as well, and for this is required a great deal of discernment and a clairvoyant instinct for reading the future.

"I can't keep up with New York," said a woman of fashion the other day, "it is a perfect social saw-saw. You never can tell who is next coming up or who are going down. There is such a general boule versement every few years that one is obliged to be a social gymnast to keep from becoming a back number one's self. It is enough to give one nervous prostration."

Snobbishness is a disease, the microbes of which appear to abound in the air just at present. It is curious that it should be so contagious, but it is a fact that a simple-minded woman without any particular longing for the flesh pots of Egypt will, after being thrown in contact with those whose aim is to attain a certain kind of worldly supremacy, develop the same symptoms, and oftentimes out-herod Herod in her exclusive snobbery. The other day a woman of the world, rather weary of all things, went to lunch with an old school friend whom she had not seen for years, and who had lately come to live in New York. She had looked forward to this visit with pleasure, thinking of it in the midst of her manifold social duties as a sort of oasis of rest, where, for a few hours at least, she might get out of the current of her daily life and talk of old memories, and hear of the people she had once known and had always been interested in, but who latterly, owing to circumstances, had dropped out of her existence. When she entered her friend's drawing-room and sat waiting, in a pleasurable state of anticipation, for the latter's appearance, her observant eyes caught sight of the silver tray placed on a table near at hand, on the top of which lay a card of invitation to Mrs. Van W—'s ball, with an open envelope beside it, and to the right of this, half tumbling out, was another invitation which might be considered desirable, while the names on those cards which were visible were all certificates of ancient and honorable lineage. In close proximity on the writing-table she beheld, in a large and conspicuous frame, a photograph taken some time since of a mutual school friend, a woman who in late years had become a leader of fashion, with "Affectionately, Etta," written across the corner, and beside it was, in a more modest setting, symbolic she divined of their relative social positions, her own. "So Milly has become as much of a snob as nous autres!" she mentally exclaimed; and at luncheon her impressions were confirmed, for the conversation was persistently brought around to the latest society talk, wherein her whilom simple friend showed herself well up in the latest gossip and scandal, while the old friends and places were shoved to the wall and received but scant mention, although her guest made several attempts to bring them to the fore. "Who ever would have believed that Milly would have become such an intolerable little snob," she thought, not reflecting that she too, perhaps, was "tattered with the same brush."

The illogical part of desiring to associate with a certain set is that social prominence is, after all, simply a matter of comparison. The head of an exclusive Western fox circle, for instance, comes to New York and finds himself "the tail among lions," while in their turn some of these kings of beasts of America find to their mortification and disgust, upon mingling with an older civilization in either England or France, that they are regarded there as nothing but cubs after all.

Some artist has said that the only part of lovely woman which nature left unfinished was the nape of her neck, and although, of course, there are exceptions, the criticism is, as a rule, exceedingly true; for, in the case of the majority of the sex, that part of the neck is distinctly ugly, so that the new fashion of wearing loose ringlets hanging down at the back, and which can easily be made to hide this defect, will undoubtedly meet with

general approval. The coiffures of the simpering damsels in the old beauty annuals of forty years ago, with curly

"Locks so aptly twined
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,"

so great was their reputation for charm, might serve as a guide to the up-to-date maiden of to-day who wishes to arrange her tresses à la mode.

The clustering curls are apt to be universally becoming to youthful faces, and at least possess a picturesqueness which has been wanting in the severe styles of hair-dressing which have been in vogue of late. In spite of predictions to the contrary the coiffure is as undulged as ever, especially in the back, where the waves should be as full as in the front and around the sides. It is still worn pompadour, with a knot something the shape of a question mark as seen in profile fastened at the back of the head, from which hang the curls already alluded to. The ornaments for the hair, for full dress, vary from the diamond tiara to plain tortoise-shell side combs, and pesky coquettish little bows; but one addition seems de rigueur, an aigrette of some kind is indispensable. One of the newest decorations, and a very useful one, is the little jeweled clasp pin to hold up the stray locks at the back of the neck, which ought to curl and so often don't. To many women these clasps will solve quite a problem.

VARIETIES.

SOME WANAMAKERISMS.

JOHN WANAMAKER is a believer in the survival of the fittest. He does not employ a clerk very long who is not able to dispose of goods. His system of selection is unique. When sales are reported slow in any department he orders a reduction of five per cent in the prices. If this fails to improve things he orders a further five per cent reduction the following week, and so on for a month. At the expiration of the four weeks he considers that the fault does not lie with the prices, but with the salesman, and there is a vacancy in that department forthwith.

Once in a while some one has tried to get the best of Wanamaker. A well-known manufacturer had an experience with him which he is likely never to forget. He had been doing business with Honest John for a number of years, very profitably, because he had charged him for several more yards on each piece of goods than he ever supplied. How Wanamaker ever discovered the trick no one knows. One day he went down into the room where these goods were stored and instructed the clerk to measure off an uncut piece of the goods. This was carefully compared with the invoice and found to be several yards lacking. Wanamaker next ordered every piece of the goods in the store to be measured under his supervision. The same discrepancy was found in the measure of all the pieces.

Wanamaker then gave instructions to have a list of all the goods that had ever been delivered from this factory brought to him.

When he had secured the exact figures he sent for the owner of the factory.

When the manufacturer arrived, Wanamaker informed him of his discovery.

The man made an excuse and said that he would allow for the shortage which had been discovered.

"I'll tell you what you will do," said Wanamaker. "I have a list of all the goods that I have ever bought of you. I have no doubt that this system has been carried on ever since I commenced doing business with you. You will either make an allowance of so many yards shortage on every piece of goods ever sold to me, or else we will cease doing business together."

The manufacturer accepted the terms, and is probably still doing business with Wanamaker.

THE QUALITY IN TRADE.

Since Harriet Hubbard Ayer went into the face wash business, and finally into journalism, others of the *haut ton* have followed her.

Two ladies of the Four Hundred, Mrs. John A. Lowry and Miss Margaret Wilmerding, have opened a tea shop on the west side of New York for the use of woman shoppers.

The idea was picked up in Europe, where so many members of the aristocracy have had to take up vulgar and despised commerce in order to gain a living.

The scheme should not be so new to New Yorkers, however, for many of our ablest pie sellers and coffee handlers on the east side have titles that would freeze plain Americans simply out of existence.

POPULAR JOURNALISM.

Exploitation by means of the daily press is on its top wave at the present time.

Threatened changes on Park Row indicate that the old order of things must take a seat further and further back.

Some other good but moribund journals may go under to make room for huger editions of the freak style and pretension.

Meanwhile the atmosphere of the home becomes more and more nephitic with the glamour of indecent footlight scenes and the reeking odor of divorce trials.

Degeneration takes the place of genius and Olympus is turned into a gehenna of mourning.

Editors say they are not responsible for the condition of things, but that the public will and must have what it wants.

To produce this result two or three money kings are grinding each other like millstones, while such small things as reporters occasionally go crazy trying to keep pace with the giddy maze of life as we see it pictured in the papers.

MODERN DETECTIVE METHODS.

American private detectives are not slow at their business.

One of the methods by which they secure information that enables them to obtain profitable patronage is to keep up an acquaintance with clairvoyants.

From them they get a number of tips which enable them to unveil closet skeletons.

The rendezvous of lovers are carefully watched, and a good pointer is often obtained by seeing a couple enter a hotel together.

Cases have been known where snap-shot photographs have been obtained of persons clandestinely meeting, and this bit of enterprise has led to a sequel in the divorce court.

Society people of any account are almost sure to be watched, and there are women employed at this mean spy business who have once on a time been in society themselves.

Many of the well dressed women seen around town make money by giving information to detective agencies concerning their friends.

DOGS AS MIND READERS.

There is a dog in New York that can detect counterfeit money, either coin or paper. It belongs to a store-keeper, and has been tried hundreds of times with the same result.

The bad piece of money or bill is given to the dog by a customer and it promptly drops it on the floor. When sound money is proffered the dog carries it up to the counter.

It is thought possible that the dog judges by the manner of the person handing it the money, and detects his silent consciousness of guilt.

If this be the case, which appears reasonable, to the dog's other valuable traits must be added that of successful mind-reading.

OXYGEN AS A STIMULANT.

There is a splendidly appointed house near Herald Square, where wealthy men are in the habit of recuperating exhausted nature by means of inhalation.

They sit down in a comfortable chair, resembling a barber's rocker, and take long draughts of the invigorating elixir.

The effect is something like that of morphine, but there are no after effects.

It is a pleasant and apparently effective method of stimulating, and perhaps the coming generation may find in it the solution of the tonic question.

Some of the best known men in the city patronize the place regularly, and they are successful men at that.

MILLIONAIRE'S PATCHES.

The hard times are making American millionaires penurious. The expensive tailors are finding this out to their cost, and complain bitterly of the reduction in their revenues.

Not only the millionaires, but the average club man is now compelled to economize, and a new business has been created to meet the exigencies of their depleted pocketbooks.

A very large business has been built up recently by an enterprising Frenchman in New York, in the clothes renovating business. A small sum per annum insures one's clothes all the necessary attention for repairs and pressing, and a number of members of the Four Hundred belong to the new patching club.

The 'lost tailors have always been chary of making repairs to their customers' clothing to any extent, preferring to make new garments, but the Patch Club makes an art of hiding the shine and defects of the well-worn garment.

A THANKSGIVING DAY SCENE.

It would be difficult to discover a more dramatic scene than that which annually takes place at the Charlestown Prison, Massachusetts, every Thanksgiving Day. The curtain rises upon a picture of the most intense character, in the large hall of the prison, at ten o'clock of the morning.

Previous to this hour the names of two of the inmates who may be serving life sentences have been selected by the Governor of Massachusetts and his counsel.

No one knows, but those of the governor's staff and the warden of the prison, who the two fortunate individuals will be.

They have been selected for pardon for special reasons, duly discussed by the council after recommendations have been made by the prison officials.

The morning services are first conducted as on Sunday, there generally being about six hundred prisoners present.

After the chaplain has finished, the warden steps on to the platform and draws from his pocket an envelope in which the two pardons are contained.

One can imagine the hushed heart beats of that anxious multitude. A pin could be heard to drop when the warden starts to read the first name.

There are generally a number of visitors present at this pathetic performance, and many of them are apt to give way to tears. The strained looks of the "old timers," followed by the delight of the two fortunates, and a sudden sinking back into the usual state of apathy on the part of the other inmates, are usually too much for very delicate nerves.

SAFE AND UNSAFE RUBBER.

Rubber goods colored on the surface only are unsafe. Rubber articles that float in water and are elastic and soft are harmless.

Gray rubber contains zinc oxide and is dangerous in any articles likely to be put into the mouth.

Black rubber dolls that are covered throughout the mass, and the material of which sinks in water, contain lead, and are dangerous.

Red and brown rubbers contain antimonious sulphide, and when colored throughout the mass are not dangerous, as the antimony does not dissolve in the saliva or milk.—*Medical News.*

"How to listen to music" is the name of a new book; but society will continue to listen in the old-fashioned way, by means of conversation.—*Philadelphia Record.*



Old Pompos: "So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?"
 Youth: "I don't want to, but I suppose I'll have to if I marry your daughter."

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